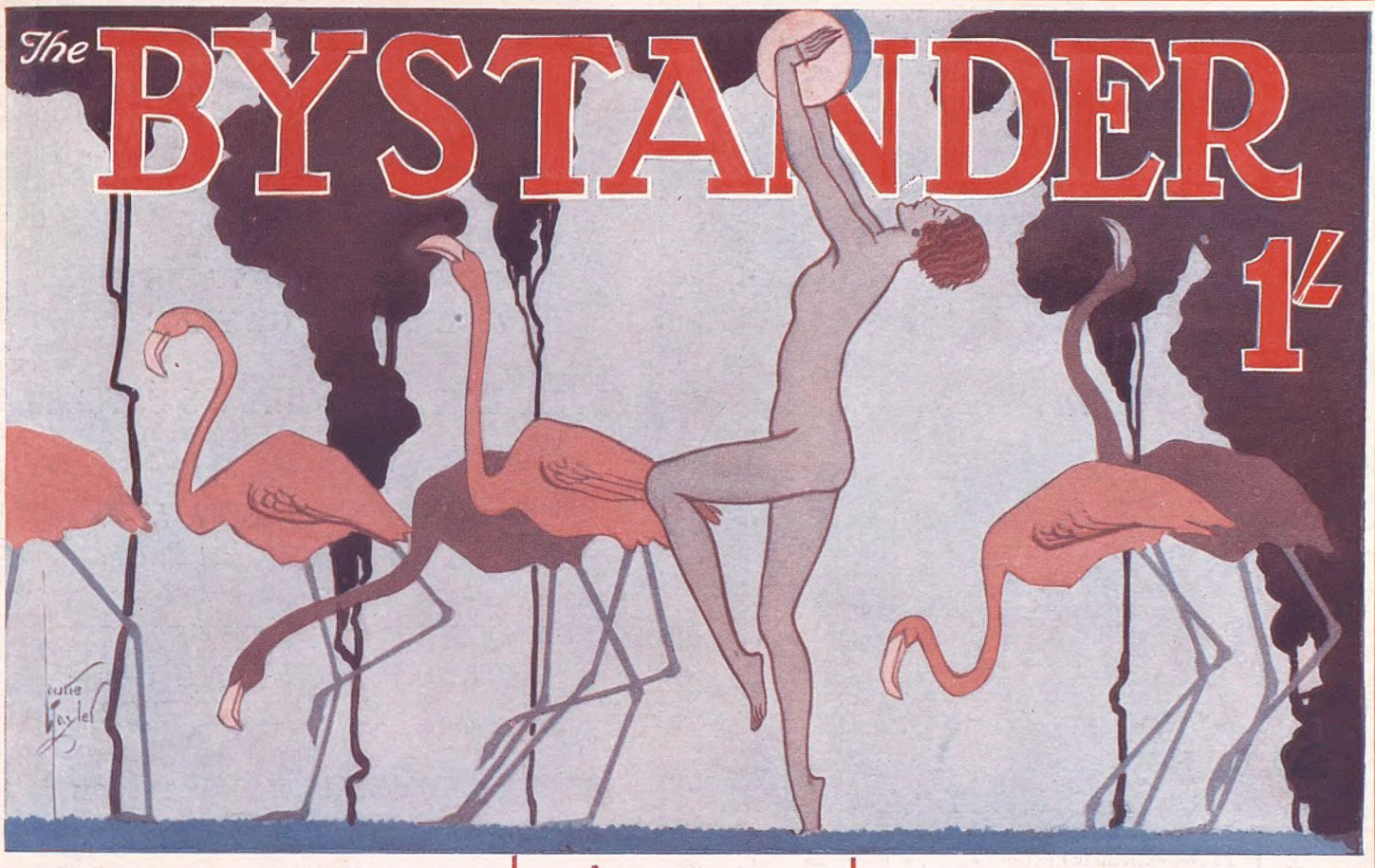
THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CVII.—No. 1391

AUGUST 13, 1930

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

"CELEBRITIES DISGUISED" COMPETITION RESULT



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The Bystander, August 13, 1930

No. 1391. Vol. CVII

the BYSTANDER

Madame Yevonde

An attractive studio portrait of Mrs. A. McCorquodale, whose novels, published under the pen-name of Barbara Cartland, have enjoyed considerable popularity, with her little daughter, Raine. She is now at Swabister House in the Orkney Islands, where she is busy putting the finishing touches to her fourth novel, "For What?"

COCKTAIL TIME AT THE RITZ

Mundo's impressions of some well-known people who forgather at the Ritz for the pre-luncheon apéritif. Sir Dhunjibhoy Bomanji (1) is seen top left, next to whom is Mr. Alfredo de Peña (2), The Hon. Mrs. Esmond Harmsworth (4), whilst immediately below the Hon. Wilfred Egerton (3) and Colonel Streatfeild (5) are seen in conversation. Mrs. Deprett (6) is seen on the left, next to her being the Brazilian Ambassador, Senhor R. de Oliviera (7), below whom is Mrs. Godfrey Miller (8). Lord Wimborne (9) is seen next with Miss Gordon Conway (10), Mrs. G. d'Erlanger (14) and Lady Patricia Moore (15), and the Marquis de Casa Maury (11). At the bottom centre are seen Mrs. Jardrol (12), and Lord Tweedmouth (13)

The Passing Hour

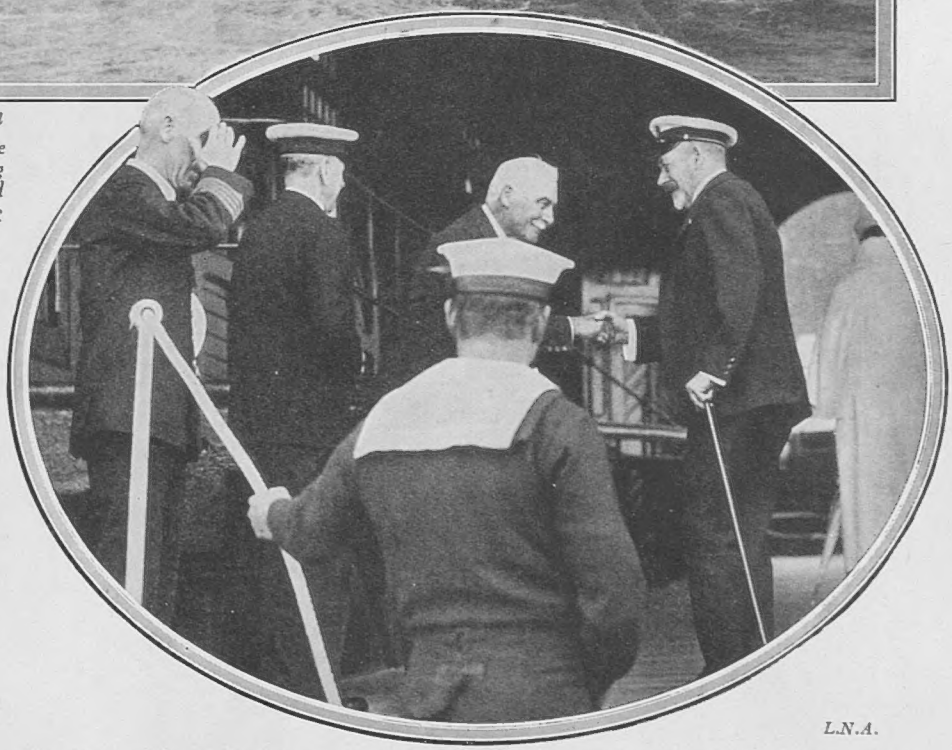
Sport and General

His Majesty's yacht "Britannia" racing through the heavy seas, which proved a considerable trial during this year's regatta at Cowes. "Britannia" registered her two-hundredth victory during the racing last week

THE Amy Johnson luncheon at the Savoy Hotel cannot be allowed to pass without comment. It was one of the very few interesting and entertaining affairs that happened throughout last week in London. Amy Johnson, hatless and fur-coated, arrived triumphantly only two or three minutes late, despite the dislocation of traffic caused by her procession. She is a nice-looking girl, with nut-brown hair and a charmingly efficient manner. Before she became a world figure she occupied a position as a secretary in a lawyer's office—which doubtlessly accounts for it.

J. H. Thomas's Record

AT the luncheon she sat next to Mr. J. H. Thomas, who thoroughly enjoyed the occasion, and proceeded to prove it by his speech, which was a brilliant mixture of humour and hopefulness. He said, among other things, that Amy Johnson must realise that he too had broken records—in the matter of the unemployment figures. This was treated as a good joke by an audience that possibly did not stop to consider what the Cabinet or the two million poor people on the dole might think about it afterwards.



L.N.A.

The King and Queen, who were staying on board the Royal yacht "Victoria and Albert," landing at East Cowes on a visit to the Island. His Majesty is a very keen yachtsman and followed the racing with the greatest interest

A Split Infinitive

THE guests were distinguished as much by their variety as by their achievements. Mr. Max Aitken, Miss Diana Fishwick, Sir Philip Sassoon, and the ubiquitous Mrs. Fearnley-Whittingstall will alone testify to the catholic nature of the occasion. Mr. Robert Nichols, who split a bad infinitive in the poem he wrote for the menu, was also there, and, too, Miss Fannie Hurst, looking more like a mother-superior than ever.

Restraint

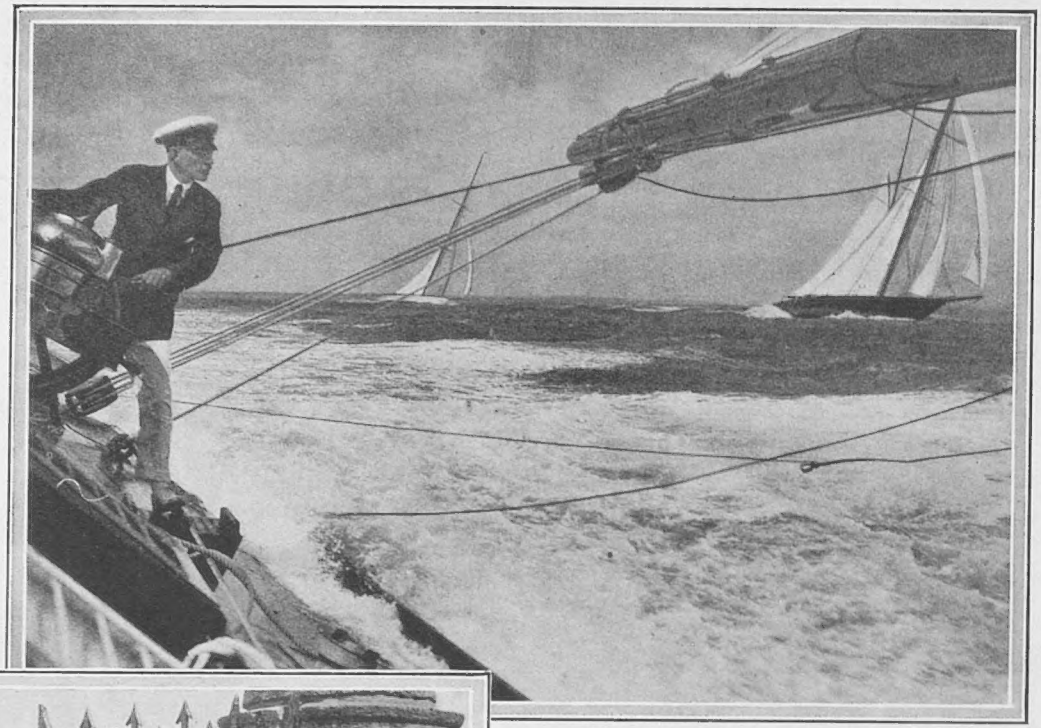
THIS luncheon might really be described as a banquet. Wine followed wine as course followed course. But comparatively few of the guests drank. This was due to the fact that most of them are sensible enough to realise that luncheon is no time to indulge in heavy drinking. You seldom see successful young men who do so, which is why that florid complexion that so frequently goes

YACHTING DAYS AT COWES

with gout is rarely seen on men under forty. Men seldom behave as their ancestors did in the days of William Pitt.

An Early Demise

MEANTIME, the death of Sir Francis Laking surprised few of the people who had seen him. He was far too stout for his years and he never took exercise. His departure from the ranks of the first-nighters leaves a gap that will not easily be filled. He was a great admirer of certain actresses, and sometimes the ebullience of his applause did not do them as much good as he



Central Press

Mr. C. Nicholson, the famous designer, at the wheel of "Candida" during the racing at Cowes where the hard weather made the handling of the yachts a far from light task. On the right is the Royal yacht "Britannia," screening "Lulworth," whilst "Cambria" is lying astern

Central News

Lord Inchcape (left) Lord Reading and Lady Storrs at Cowes. They are seen waiting to embark from the Royal Yacht Squadron's landing stage

probably expected and intended. He was 26 years of age.

Absentees

ONE of the most striking figures at Deauville, I hear, has been Lady Essex, whose fondness for appearing in flannels has caused a great deal of interest and attention there. She and her husband are much interested in yachting, but they did not go to Cowes, which, indeed, was not graced by a number of distinguished people whom one might have expected to see there, among them being Sir Thomas Lipton and Lady Charles Kennedy, the noted helmswoman and, before her present marriage, the widow of Admiral Sir John Baird.

Bunyan II

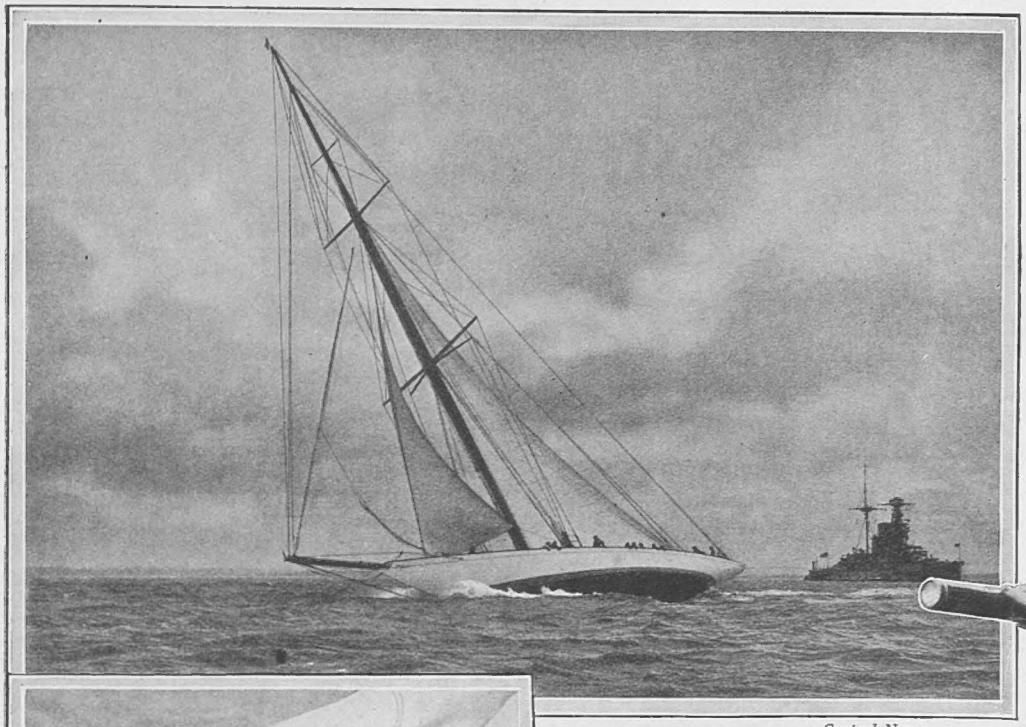
BUNYAN, the starter on the golf links at Le Touquet, has won the Lewis Gun School Cup, for which the Prince of Wales entered but failed to qualify for last week, for the past three years. Bunyan, in his straw hat and white jacket, and with his ability to get people off with the minimum delay from the first tee, is one of the most notable characters at Le Touquet.

Incidentally, the Prince of Wales' continued patronage of this resort has been of incalculable value to the management, which imagined that

Wide World

Lord and Lady Glentanar on their way to the quay at Cowes. Lord Glentanar, who is very keen on yachting, has his seat at Forest of Glen Tanar, Aboyne, and a town house in Chester Street, Edinburgh. Lady Glentanar who hails from Norway, was married in 1927

LONDON IN THE DOG DAYS



Central News

"Cambria" battling against heavy seas and strong wind during the racing at Cowes when the weather conditions made it impossible to carry much sail. In the background is seen the Guardship, H.M.S. Warspite

News Illustrations

Capt. Gerald Lowry, the well-known osteopath, who, although he was blinded in the War, is a keen yachtsman who has been steering his own yacht, "Red Rover," at Cowes and took a third and a fourth. His keen sense enables him to gauge the course to a nicety by the feel of the wind

the Meopham Green air smash would harm their business considerably during August.

An Expert

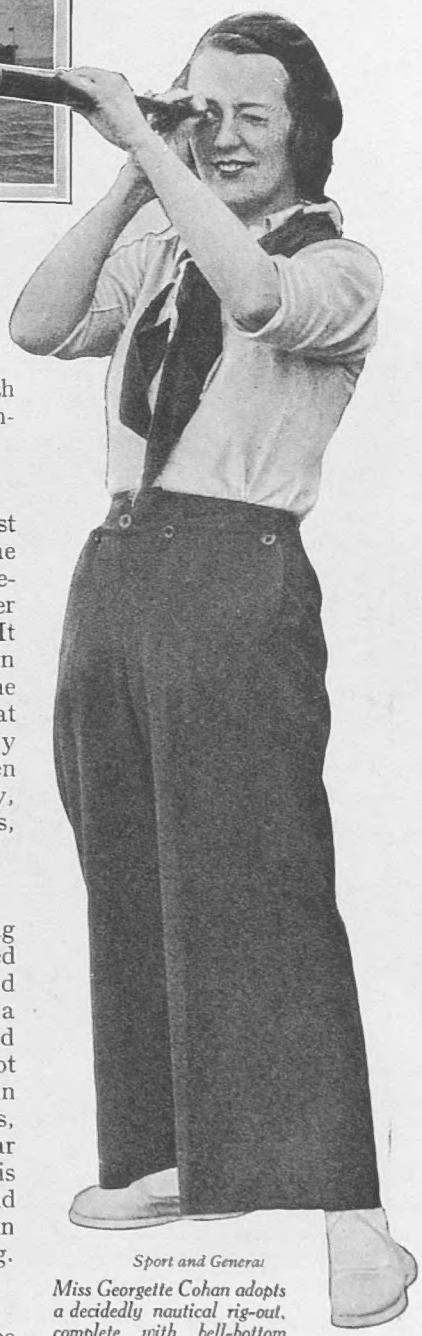
MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD must be our leading expert on the Passion Play. He has just returned from Oberammergau after seeing it for the fourth time. It seems a pity that none of our own passion plays has acquired the international reputation that at Oberammergau enjoys. Every single room within miles had been booked throughout June, July, and August ever since Christmas, mostly by rich Americans.

Bar Owner, Too

JEFF DICKSON, the good-looking boxing promoter, who staged the fight between Phil Scott and Stribling, is now arranging a match between Stribling and Schmelling. But Dickson is not merely a fight promoter. He is in the motor car industry in Paris, and next month is opening a bar there in the Rue Volney. It is being called the Silver Ring, and should have a smart clientele in view of his fashionable following.

The Dog Days

LONDON is now a pretty flat place since the Amy Johnson affair. The streets are up and the blinds are down. Every year people announce in the newspapers that London is just as full and as gay as it is in June. It is a pathetic little lie which nobody presumably believes, and yet it duly makes its appearance every year. What can the object of it be? You might just as well say that Deauville is fashionable in mid-winter, or that the hotels at Cowes are full in March.

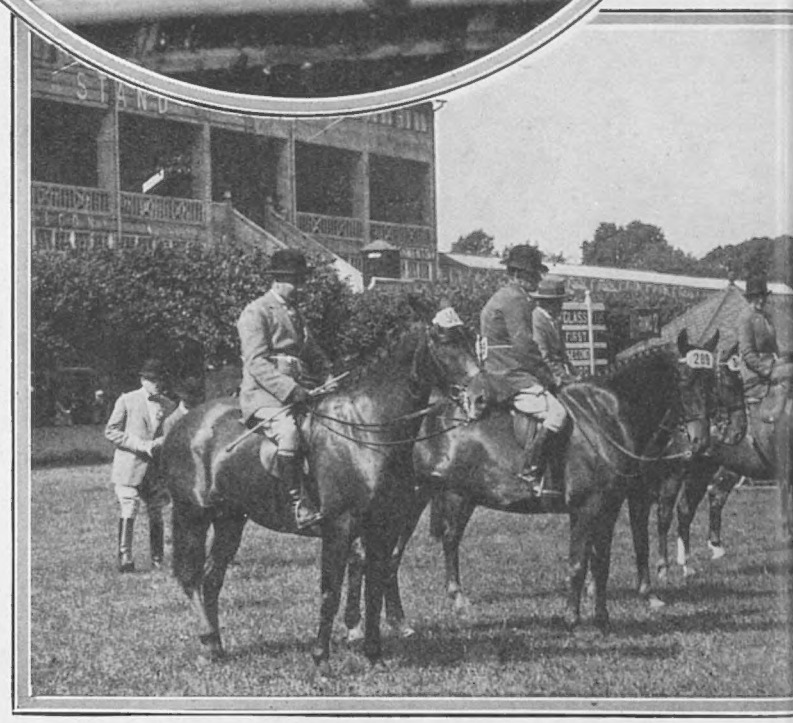


Sport and General

Miss Georgette Cohan adopts a decidedly nautical rig-out, complete with bell-bottom trousers and telescope, to watch the yachts racing at Cowes

AT THE ROYAL DUBLIN HORSE SHOW

L.N.A.



A general view of the ring during the judging of entries at the Dublin Horse Show last w fine style during the International

Topical

Mr. James McNeill, the Governor-General, and his party arriving for the Royal Dublin Society's Horse Show at Ballsbridge. The show proved very successful again this year, and the number of visitors bore testimony to the popularity of what is one of the chief sporting and social events of the year in Ireland

The Limit

THE death of Dr. Magrath, the provost of Queen's College, Oxford, at the ripe age of 91, occasioned an imposing funeral last week. It will also occasion the choice of a new provost. Dr. Magrath had hardly been seen outside his rooms since the War, and yet he refused to retire. There are other aged men at Oxford who, through physical infirmities, are scarcely able to justify their existence, even as the nominal heads of their respective colleges, and selfishly stop younger men getting promotion. It is a pity for all that there is no retiring age there.

At Cowes

THE usual dinner given to celebrate the King's Cup day was held at Cowes under the presidency of Sir Richard Williams-Bulkeley. Sixty people were present; they included Lord Camden, Lord Ailsa, Lord Inchcape, Lord Albemarle, Lord Normanton, Lord Brecknock, and Colonel A. F. Watt. Many, indeed, of the members of the Royal Yacht Squadron are soldiers. It is surprising what an amphibian race the membership list proves us to be.

A Lucky Day

THREE members of the peerage celebrated their birthday last Wednesday—Lord Allendale, who is now forty, Lord Castle-Stewart, who is a year his senior, and Lord Northampton, who is four years older still. It would appear that August 6 is a good date on which to be born. Not being an astrological expert, I do not know under what constellation such people are born, but no doubt Lord Wavertree could explain it all.

MORE HORSES WORTH FOLLOWING

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

PEGASUS looks a certain money spinner over short distances. A bad draw and slow beginning upset a liberal each-way plunge in the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood. Ran on gamely to occupy fourth position.

MINETTE, heavily supported to win a five furlongs race at Alexandra Park, lost the race at the start allowing the smart winner, Rule Nisi colt, to get a flying start and hold the advantage to the post. Showed great promise and should be followed with confidence.

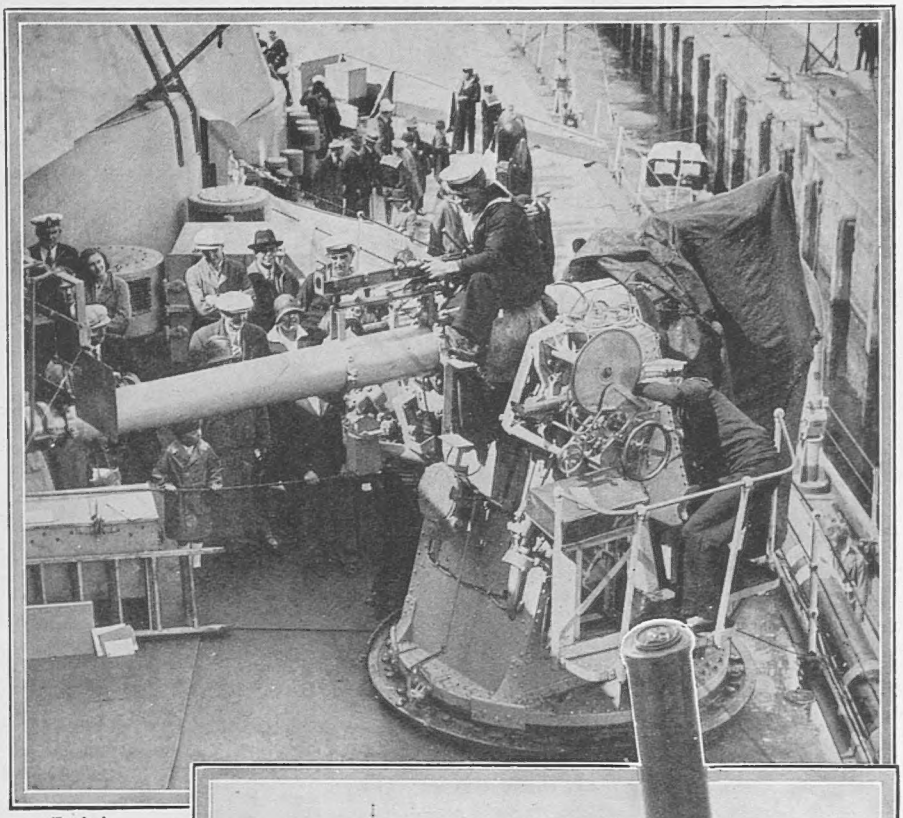
PIPERNO, drawn on the outside, commenced a shade slowly, but was going strongly at the finish. The big men on the rails accepted heavy commissions, "job" money coming back from the offices. Backed from 6 to 1 down to half this rate. Losses will be recovered.

MERRY MILLER must have shown his old form at home, because he was supported like a certainty to win the Brighton Cup (mile and a quarter). Backed heavily at "tens" down to "fours" when the "blower" commenced operations. Proved too big a proposition for his apprentice rider and was unplaced.

SANTA GIUSTINA got badly baulked at Ripon, and lost in consequence. The "blower" distributed £1,000. Opened at 20 to 1 and closed a sound 7 to 2 chance. Will pay to follow.

HARD ROCK carried upwards of £2,000 at Brighton and on a fair track would have justified the plunge. Bumped into from behind at the start, he was thrown out of his stride.

NORTH DRIFT was the medium for heavy wagering at Sandown Park. Finished on the heels of the placed horses after proving a difficult horse for a lightweight to handle. Should earn winning brackets in the near future.



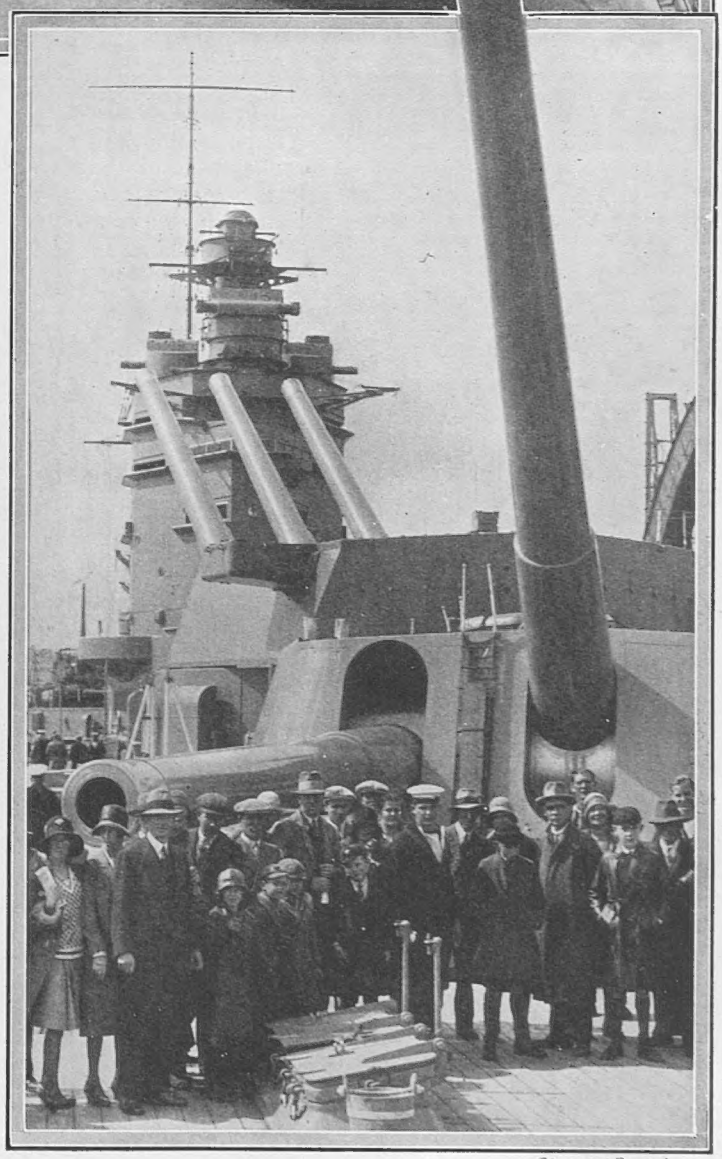
Topical

G.P.U.

Inset, Lieutenant Georges Ganshof van der Meersch, of Belgium, clearing a jump in Military Jumping Competition

Undismayed

AMONG the latest celebrities to flock to Deauville are Lord and Lady Forteviot, Lord Blandford (who always goes there in August nowadays), Sir William Bass, Mr. and Mrs. André Citroën, Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, Mr. Mortimer Schiff, and Mr. Louis



Plymouth Navy Week attracted a very large number of visitors, who availed themselves of the opportunity of getting a glimpse of the Fleet at close quarters. The upper photograph shows bluejackets demonstrating with an anti-aircraft gun, whilst, below, visitors to H.M.S. Rodney are seen beside the gigantic sixteen inch guns which are the chief factors of her armament

Sport and General

NEW MASTERS IN THE HUNTING FIELD

Symmons

Mr. O. E. Evans, the only son of Mr. Charles Evans, late of Chile, and of the late Mrs. Evans, and his bride, Miss M. J. Edwards, photographed after their recent wedding which was solemnised at Reigate Parish Church. Mrs. Evans is the daughter of Dr. Francis Edwards, and the niece of Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Jackson

MISS GLORIA GORE Lafayette

The youngest daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Francis Gore and Lady Constance Gore, Her engagement to Mr. Bernard Brassey, the second son of Sir Leonard and Lady Violet Brassey, of Apethorpe Hall, Peterborough, was announced recently

Drexel. Mr. Vanderbilt and Mr. Drexel both come of American millionaire families, and, unlike most of the nouveaux riches, they have not been sufficiently nit by Wall Street as to be unable to visit Europe this year.

Swiss Summer

Most of us think of Switzerland only in terms of winter sports. And yet St. Moritz, Gstaad, Villars, and Château d'Œux are all crowded with people. The Prince of the Asturias and the beautiful Duchess of Alba are at St. Moritz now. Indeed, with the exception of Sir Pomeroy Burton, most of the visitors are foreigners, like Prince Pio and the Marquis de Camarasa.

Hunting News

We hear from a hunting correspondent that the following changes in M.F.H.s will occur amongst some of the principal West Country packs:—Owing to the recent and greatly lamented death of Lt.-Col. B. C. James, the Stevenstone will be carried on next season by Mrs. James. Mr. D. Horndon, who was Master of these hounds from 1907 to 1914, will act as field master. The South Devon country has been taken by Major Burgoyne, late of the Wylye Valley; while Capt. Babington will succeed Mr. J. E. B. Lethbridge and Major E. F. Stanhope Rodd as Master of the Lamerton Hunt.

G.P.U.

Mr. Denis Swinburne, of the Royal Ulster Rifles, the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Swinburne, of Prestatyn, Flintshire, and his bride, Miss Hilary Tudor, the youngest daughter of the late Brigadier-General and Mrs. E. T. Tudor, of Waverley Court, Camberley. They are seen leaving Holy Trinity, Brompton, after the ceremony

A Sad Loss

We have received the following letter from a Midland hunting correspondent: "The terribly tragic death of Colonel Joseph Green, Joint-Master of the Cottesmore Hounds, has caused the greatest sorrow not only in the Cottesmore country, which lies in Leicestershire and Rutland, but also throughout the Pytchley and Fernie territories, with which the late M.F.H. was formerly closely asso-

POLO ON THE CONTINENT

L.N.A.

Lady Katharine Hamilton, the youngest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn, leaving for her wedding to Lieut.-Colonel Reginald Seymour, Equerry to the King, which took place in the Henry VIII Chapel, Westminster Abbey. She is the youngest Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen

Lenare

Miss Juliet Lindsay, the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Lindsay, of South Audley Street. She is to marry the Marquess of Waterford in the near future

ciated. I met Colonel Green at the Rutland County Show, Oakham, on the Thursday before his death. He then appeared to be in the best of spirits, and told me he was very busy preparing for the cubbing season. It appears, however, that Colonel Green had been greatly upset by the recent fatal flying accident at Meopham, all the victims of which were personal friends of his, and it is suggested that the ghastly disaster affected him so greatly that it seriously preyed upon his mind. He will be long remembered in the Shires, by rich and poor alike, as a rattling good man to hounds and a great-hearted friend."

Pourville Polo

DEAUVILLE and Biarritz are by no means the only places on the Continent where polo can be played. They have started at Pourville now under the control of Lt.-Colonel Smallwood. The first match was between Im Coram, Commander Crosse 1, Lt.-Colonel Smallwood 2, Im Coram 3, and Mr. Neill's side, Peter Doughty (the international) 1, Lord Victor Paget 2, J. M. Neill 3. The latter lost 5-2. The ground was in excellent condition, and it is hoped to have a good many more players, including women.

Vandyk

Lady Shiffner, the wife of Sir Henry Shiffner, R.A., with her baby son, Henry. The daughter of Sir Ernest Gowers, she married Sir Henry, who is the seventh baronet, in 1929

THE WEDDING OF THE WEEK

Sport and General

DOWN TO THE SEA IN—CATERPILLARS!
Holiday-makers at Deauville crossing the sands in a novel form of transport. These caterpillar tractors save them a long walk to the water's edge when the tide is full out

Topical

Three youngsters for whom the more or less bounding deep holds no terrors at Frinton. They are John, Elizabeth and David Stern, the children of Lieut.-Colonel Sir Albert and Lady Stern

Who is There

THE Hon. Eileen Hood and the Hon. Stella Wynn are both going to play. Lord Bridport and his mother are both at Pourville. So is Lady Cunard. Lady Robertson, wife of the Field-Marshal, is coming. Sir Thomas Beecham has already arrived, and so, too, has the Stevenson family, the head of which is the European manager for Woolworth's. Other names connected with businesses owned by people now at Pourville are Mr. and Mrs. Cockburn (Port) and the D'Arcy Bakers (Fiats). Betty Belfour, the film star, has been there too.

The Last Wedding

THE last wedding of the season—that of Lady Katharine Hamilton—was a picturesque affair. Incidentally, the bride made a most secret entrance, going into Westminster Abbey as she did through an aperture in a wooden hoarding. She thus managed to avoid the crowds of people who stood waiting in the cloisters to see her pass. The attractiveness of being married in Westminster Abbey is enhanced by the banners of the Knights of the Garter which hang all round the Henry VIII chapel. Bowls of gladioli and the four clergymen in white robes formed the foreground of the picture.

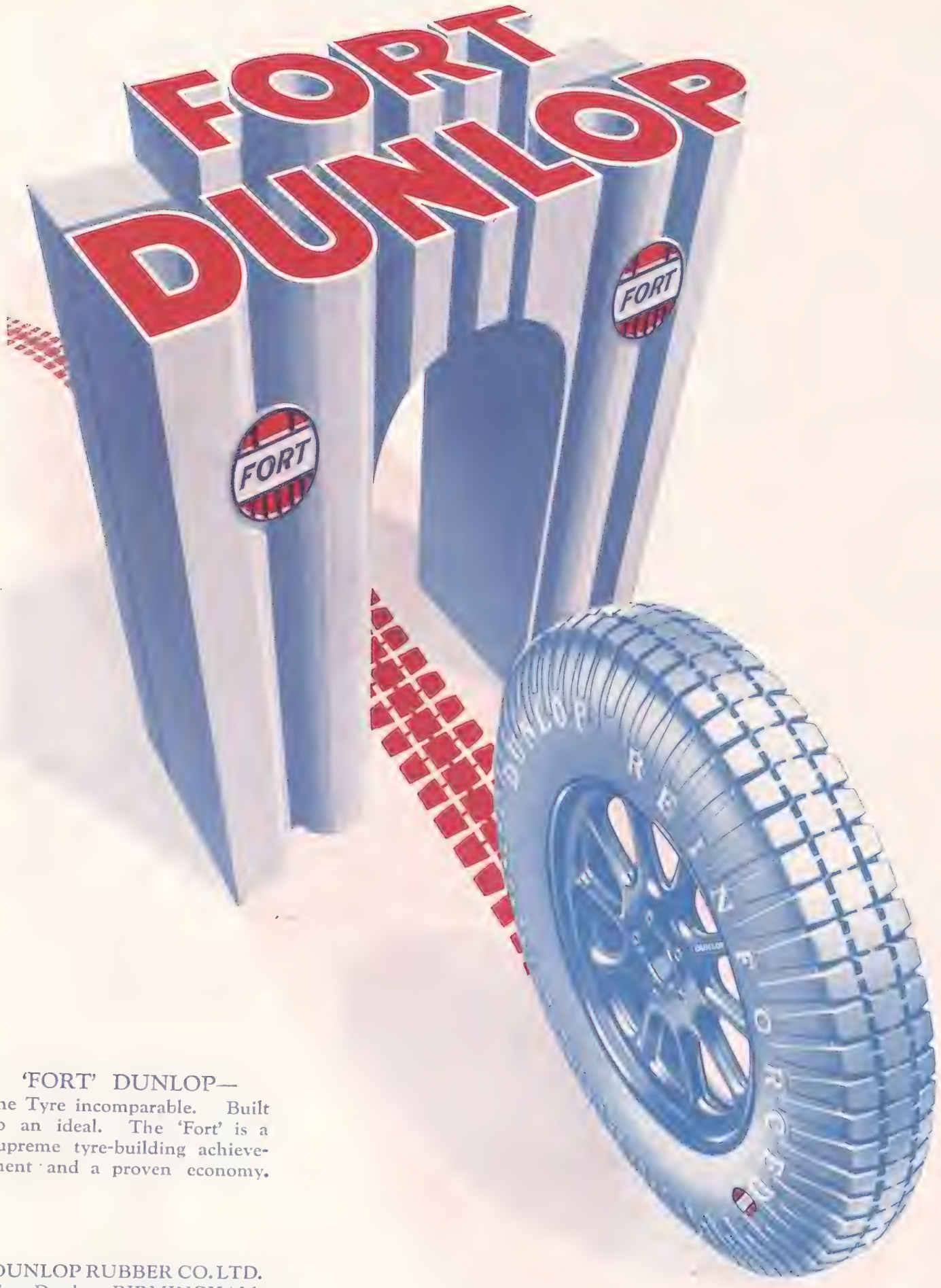
Beauty Queens from various European countries face the camera with the sang-froid born of much experience. They are seen outside the Hotel du Golf at Deauville

"The Old Days."

THE 200th success of Britannia coincided sadly with the first fatality at Cowes for 50 years. It was strange that it occurred when the really bad weather was over. I wonder what some of the veteran members of a famous yacht club had to say about it. Some of them before Candida went out and tore her mainsail to the tune of ripping calico and £1,000, said, "We were not funks, old boy, were we, in the old days?" And then, when the mainsail went, observed, "In our day, old boy, our yachts were much better built, weren't they?" It was a ridiculous remark. Fifty years ago yachts were more or less fishing smacks.

"UN CLIENT SÉRIEUX"

The original of the above picture, by Marcus-Joseph Weiss, was hung on the Paris Salon's exhibition of 1930



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"CELEBRITIES DISGUISED" COMPETITION
ALL THE WINNERS!

THE FIRST PRIZE

THE HANDSOME 15.7 H.P. SIX-CYLINDER FOUR DOOR SALOON ROVER CAR

OUR "Celebrities Disguised" competition has proved an enormous success. From far and near BYSTANDER readers have been sending in their solutions, and, although the checking up of the entries took a considerable time, it was certainly not without interest, even if only in noting the pitfalls into which the unwary tumbled.

Mere Man, who is somewhat in the background these days, can note with satisfaction that both the First Prize and the Second fall to his sex; but Woman is by no means out of the list of prize-winners, for she is well to the fore among the recipients of the divided Third Prize and those who will receive a year's free subscription to the BYSTANDER.

READERS overseas were well represented among the entrants, but they were not very successful. Being far removed from the centre of activities must necessarily prove a handicap, but, taken on the whole, their entries maintained a very good level, even if it was not quite high enough to see them included among the prize-winners.

Many competitors fell into the trap which lay in wait for them in picture No. 64, and mistook the Hon. Lancelot Lowther for his even better-known elder brother, the Earl of Lonsdale.

The winner of the FIRST PRIZE, which is a 15·7 h.p. SIX-CYLINDER, FOUR-DOOR SALOON ROVER CAR, is

MR. A. R. RIDGE,
24, Harcourt Terrace, S.W.10,
who had only one mistake in his entry.

The SECOND PRIZE of £50 goes to
MR. J. W. WELLS,
12A, Lunham Road, Upper Norwood, S.E.19,
with two errors, and the THIRD PRIZE of £25 will be divided between

MRS. BARRETT,
5, St. Peter's Road, W.6,

MISS MARGARET MEYER,
42, Devonshire Street, W.1,

MR. C. C. J. SIMMONDS,
"Craithwaite," Roxborough Avenue, Harrow,
each of whom had three mistakes, and will therefore receive a cheque for £8 : 6 : 8.

THE HON. LANCELOT LOWTHER
The picture which so many competitors mistook for that of Lord Lonsdale

The winner of the First Prize made this his only mistake, and the winner of the Second Prize, as well as the joint winners of the Third Prize, all also tripped up over this. Owing to the fact that several competitors tied for consolation prizes, the list has been extended from twenty-five to thirty-one.

ANOTHER picture which proved a stumbling block to many was that of the popular actress which occupied No. 50 on the list. Seeing a figure in hunting kit many readers jumped to the not unnatural conclusion that the lady was Miss Maisie Gay, the popular comedienne whose skit hunting song is one of the most popular features of C. B. Cochran's 1930 *Revue* at the London Pavilion. Actually, however, the actress was Miss Marie Löhr, and the photograph—which has been very little altered—shows her in the costume she wore in the recent revival of *Dandy Dick*, one of Sir Arthur Pinero's earliest farces.

A complete list of solutions appears on this page, and readers will doubtless find plenty of amusement in reversing the order of things by spotting their losers. Meanwhile, nothing remains save to offer our congratulations to the winners and our condolences to the hundreds of less successful competitors.

"CELEBRITIES DISGUISED"
Official List of Characters.

1 Lord Passfield
2 Miss Cecily Courtneidge
3 Miss Joan Ridley
4 Lord Irwin
5 Miss Ethel Mannin
6 Rt. Hon. Ramsay MacDonald
7 W. T. Tilden
8 Miss Lilian Braithwaite
9 Rt. Hon. D. Lloyd George
10 Miss Fay Compton
11 His Majesty King Alfonso XIII
12 Miss Jessie Matthews
13 Mark Hambourg
14 Miss Betty Nuthall
15 Miss Marie Tempest
16 Seymour Hicks
17 Edgar Wallace
18 Jean Borotra
19 Miss Anna May Wong
20 Arnold Bennett
21 P. G. H. Fender
22 Miss Mary Pickford
23 Archie Compston
24 Owen Nares
25 Miss Gwen Farrar
26 Lord Carson
27 Jack Hobbs
28 Augustus John, R.A.
29 H. W. Austin
30 Lord Brentford
31 Henry Ainley
32 Miss Isobel Jeans
33 Miss Peggy Wood
34 Miss Colleen Moore
35 C. B. Cochran
36 Herbert Marshall
37 Miss Edna Best
38 Lord Derby
39 Duke of Westminster
40 Cyril Tolley
41 Miss Tallulah Bankhead
42 Lord Reading
43 Henri Cochet
44 Miss Lilian Gish
45 Sir John Lavery
46 Miss Dolores Del Rio
47 J. Brugnon
48 Jack Hulbert
49 Sir Austen Chamberlain
50 Miss Marie Löhr
51 Miss Janet Gaynor
52 Major J. H. Beith (Ian Hay)
53 Lady Oxford and Asquith
54 Jack Buchanan
55 Miss Jean Forbes-Robertson
56 A. P. F. Chapman
57 Sir James Barrie
58 Miss Mary Brough
59 Miss Margaret Bannerman
60 Primo Carnera
61 Mahatma Ghandi
62 "Willie" Clarkson
63 Gordon Harker
64 Rt. Hon. Lancelot Lowther
65 Sir Gerald du Maurier
66 Miss Heather Thatcher
67 Lord Beaverbrook
68 Miss Binnie Hale
69 Miss Yvonne Printemps
70 Miss Pola Negri
71 Miss Edith Day
72 Hugh Walpole
73 Sir Oswald Moseley
74 Lord Howard de Walden

These competitors will receive consolation prizes of a YEAR'S Free Subscription to THE BYSTANDER:

G. GRAVES, Nursing Home, College Gill Road, Harrow Weald. MRS. C. H. HARTLEY, Holly Bank, Eccles Old Road, Pendleton, Lancs. MISS IVY PECK, 11, Constable Road, Ipswich. MISS EILEEN MERRY, 3, Peniston Road, Streatham, S.W.16. MISS L. M. TAYLOR, 65, Graham Street, Sloane Square, S.W.1. MRS. M. H. MORGAN, 17, Rowfont Road, S.W.17. MISS B. WHITEHEAD, Tinkers Hatch, Cross in Hand, Sussex. MR. L. G. FIELD, Corvichen, Moorfields Road, Woodbridge. MRS. E. H. GARFIT, The Red Cottage, The Vale, Guernsey, C.I. JAN DAY, The Warren, Tulse Hill, S.W.2. A. HOWARD EVANS, 14, Boveney Road, Holor Oak Park, S.E.23. MRS. G. E. LAW, Lyncrets, Ewell, Epsom, Surrey. LADY FORBES-ROBERTSON, 22, Bedford Square, W.C.1. MISS DORIS COATES, 16, Kelmore Grove, East Dulwich, S.E.22. MISS ELEANOR MCKENNA, 39, Fitzwilliam Place, Dublin, Ireland. MISS GLADYS MORGAN, 32, Albion Street, Hyde Park, W.2. T. E. SCOTT, 13, Chasey Road, Brockley, S.E.4. C. BELL TAYLOR, 1, Elmgate Gardens, Edgware. MISS GROOMBRIDGE, The Yews, Hook Heath, Woking. MRS. R. A. KENNEDY, 5, Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7. F. W. SIMMS, 34, Bexley Street, Windsor. MRS. W. R. CUTTS, 33, Ossington Street, W.2. MISS NORAH TARRANT, 47, Elgin Crescent, Kensington Park Road, W.11. IVOR LAMBE, 28, Chepstow Place, W.2. IVAN BROMFIELD, Huntly, Aberdeen. MRS. K. HAMMOND, 48, Kemshot Road, Streatham, S.W.16. M. MURTAGH, Gable Dene, Walton-on-Thames. AVERIL L. CROISDALE, 44, Framingham Road, Brooklands, Cheshire. MRS. COTTRELL, Bolney Cottage, Shiplake-on-Thames, Oxon. MISS E. BAGGALEY, 9, Grosvenor Avenue, Nottingham. MISS ENA A. COSTA, 81, Listria Park, Stamford Hill, N.16.

BECAUSE—Some Reasons Why We Should Win the Last Test

By William Pollock

Sport and General

K. S. DULEEPSINHJI

The brilliant young batsman who made so striking a debut in Test cricket. He is one of the most consistent performers with the bat and is an excellent fieldsman

EARLIER in the cricket season I was bold enough, in an article in THE BYSTANDER, to insist that we should win a majority of the Test matches against the Australians and so keep "The Ashes."

A GENTLEMAN who read the article took a violently opposite view and sent me a somewhat cruel letter, in which he accuses me of being "biased," "unfair," and whatnot. I thought about his letter, but I am unrepentant; I still believe that we shall win, however long the last Test, beginning at Kennington Oval on Saturday, and going on to the bitter end, may last.

Credo:

BECAUSE, (*a*) despite all our disappointments at Lord's, Leeds, and Manchester, we are the better side. Go calmly and dispassionately through the sides, man for man, and you cannot get away from that. *If you had to pick a World Eleven from the two teams there would be at least six Englishmen in it.* You could not leave out Jack Hobbs, Herbert Sutcliffe, Walter Hammond, K. S. Duleepsinhji, Percy Chapman, and Maurice Tate. That would leave room for only four of the Australians—Woodfull, Bradman, McCabe, and Grimmett. You could toss up between Duckworth and Oldfield for the wicket-keeper's job.

BECAUSE (*b*) the Lord's match, which the Australians won, was a freak match. Three of their batsmen happened to strike form which would have got the better of all the best bowlers England has ever had. Tom Richardson, Billy Lockwood, George Hirst, Wilfred Rhodes, Frank Foster, and Sydney Barnes would have been hard put to it to get Woodfull, Bradman, and Kippax out on that wicket and in that form. We scored more than 700 runs in the game and yet we lost. That is freak cricket in England, which only happens once in a blue moon.

Central News

Interested spectators watching the giant roller at work at the Kennington Oval. It is here that the all-important final Test match will be fought to a finish

BECAUSE (*c*) it is Jack Hobbs's turn to come off in a Test match, and we appear to have found a really dangerous bowler in young Ian Peebles. This will almost certainly be Hobbs's last game for All England, and it is human nature that he will concentrate upon a triumphant exit for himself and success for his side. Just as, four years ago, Wilfred Rhodes set himself to beat the Australians by his bowling—he got among them to the extent of five wickets for about forty runs—so should Hobbs dominate at the Oval. As for Peebles, he is the most difficult bowler in England just now: a ball spinner who keeps a length.

BECAUSE (*d*) the Australians are largely a two-man team. I know this statement is apt to cause angry outbursts, but, all the same, I ask you to consider them without Don Bradman and C. V. Grimmett. True, neither came off at Manchester in the game that was left drawn, but unless they do come off, the Australians do not carry the guns for us. *It is Bradman and Grimmett who we have chiefly had to contend with in the Tests. If they are spiked, the side has lost at least 50 per cent. of its power.*

BECAUSE (*e*) the greater experience of our men in international cricket should count in this Oval "needle" game, with its electric atmosphere and its nerves. The game will be a tremendous ordeal for those who are playing in it—the slightest slip may have disastrous results—and old soldiers are more likely to stand the strain than are recruits.

Yes, we should succeed, and so make the final record of this poor summer's hectic Tests read: England, 2 wins; Australia, 1 win; 2 matches drawn.

Sport and General

I. A. R. PEEBLES

The Oxford bowler is another of the young school who has made a successful Test debut. His bowling is full of enterprise

BY WILL OWEN

THE ANNOUNCER

AT THE PLAY

STARS OF THE STAGE: RISING

LUCK plays a very large part in the success of actors and actresses. There must be a very large number labouring for years who, despite talent, never have an opportunity to take the centre of the stage and have the limelight of popularity—and publicity—playing on them. Others by the sport of chance may become accepted favourites even though their knowledge of the technique of acting is nothing to write for the papers about.

AND the extraordinary thing about certain lucky ones who use mere personality to "get away with it" is that though they may fail miserably more than once, yet managements will "boost" the failure again and again in a principal part. There is a lot in being born a—if not under a—lucky star.

BUT also, in many instances, talent will tell, for given a modicum of luck and you can't keep a good man—or good woman—down! Let us go to the musical comedy world for an example. It was only five years ago that Bobby Howes was playing in the Midnight Follies Cabaret at the Hotel Metropole, and, if I remember rightly, even in that show he was not billed as the big noise. Now he commands a salary which is over three times bigger than that of a Prime Minister, and he is worth the sum paid for the reason that—unlike some other highly paid stars—his name in a programme draws people into the house. A great little comedian, all the greater by reason of his pathos.

Stage Photo Co.

Bobby Howes and Mireille Perrey playing in "Sons o' Guns" at the London Hippodrome. Bobby Howes is another stage star whose rise to fame has been exceedingly rapid

AN actor on the "legitimate" stage who is another draw is Herbert Marshall, though full recognition did not reach him at once, and his service in the Army retarded his career. He was a wise man to say good-bye to chartered accountancy for the stage, because I cannot believe that, though he may have been first-rate at preparing trial balances, he would do this as well as he treads the boards. Herbert Marshall has more than personality. He acts, and acts with an authority and incisiveness which prove him invaluable in all sorts of parts. He is a finished actor, but far from being an actor who is finished.

Stage Photo Co.

CELIA JOHNSON

A young actress whose meteoric career is one of the romances of the stage. A year ago Celia Johnson was hardly known at all and now she is a full-fledged leading lady

Sasha

CEDRIC HARDWICKE

One of the most versatile as well as one of the best character actors on the stage at the present time

A VERY different type is Charles Laughton, whose broad character studies are occasionally almost too broad, as witness his performance in the revival of *French Leave*. There he was completely out of the picture—as much out of it as he is in it as the Dago in *On the Spot*. His rise to fame has been rapid, but anyone who saw him as Count Pahlen in *Paul I*, as Mr. Prohack in Arnold Bennett's play, or Mr. Crispin in *The Man with Red Hair*—three absolutely distinct characters—could not but realise that here was a big force—force is the correct word—in the world of the theatre.

AND RISEN By Vernon Woodhouse

Stage Photo Co.

Charles Laughton and Janet Megrew in "On the Spot" at Wyndham's Theatre. He makes the part of an Italian crook a forceful and most unpleasant character

THE only difficulty with Charles Laughton is that his personality is so dynamic that he is not easy to fit successfully. The worst attempt made was when he was cast for Mr. Pickwick—a most ineffective part—where he was as out of place as that gentleman in the spinster's bedroom in the Great White Horse at Ipswich.

IF to conceal one's individuality—to say nothing of one's appearance—is the highest attribute of an actor's art—and I am not at all sure it is not—then Cedric Hardwicke takes a very high place indeed. Learning his job in the best of schools, for Benson's company was, and the old Vic still is, an admirable training ground, he can slough his own individuality like a snake can slough its skin. It says much for his powers in this direction that, though I had seen him on several occasions off the stage, until "put wise" I never realised that this alert-looking man was the Andy of *Showboat* and other eccentric characters which have made him so well known.

AND now for two young actresses who have jumped into fame with no uncertain bound. The one with the more meteoric career is Celia Johnson, who was allotted a leading rôle for the first time in *Debonair*.

Sasha

Herbert Marshall as Prince Albert in "The Swan" at the St. James's Theatre, a part he plays with authority and incisiveness. This play by Molnar is one of the successes of the season

THE heroine's part in this play was not an easy one, because it was difficult for an audience to sympathise with her tantrums, and also because the part struck the same note again and again. Nevertheless, Celia Johnson "got away with it," received eulogistic notices which were well deserved, and proved—or rather is proving—that, though her past experience may be small, she is at the present able to hold her own in the best of company in *Cynara* at The Playhouse, and that, in consequence, her future should indeed be a bright one in serious rôles.

FINALLY there is Diana Wynyard. I believe that this actress has had considerable experience, but it is only quite recently that this experience has fully been put to the test. So recently indeed that the 1930 edition of "Who's Who in the Theatre," which is kept well up to date, makes no mention of her! Yet I am of the opinion that she is one of the very best of our younger comediennes. Her playing in Roland Pertwee's *Honours Easy* was sheer delight, and she has followed this up with an even better performance in Neil Grant's *Petticoat Influence*. Comedy is undoubtedly her line, for in addition to good looks she has a magnetism which gives to the lines she utters, and the situations in which she is placed, a sparkle and brilliance which should delight the heart of even an author.

I HAVE only mentioned a few of the rising and risen stars of the stage here. There are many others—notably John Gielgud, equally happy in Shakespeare and Wilde—and if only there were as many clever dramatists as there are actors and actresses, the outlook for the English stage would indeed be bright. V. W.

Diana Wynyard playing in "Petticoat Influence" at the St. Martin's Theatre, in which witty play she acts in the true spirit of comedy

Gossip

Janet Jevons

MARJORIE MARS

One of the cleverest of the young people on the stage to-day, will appear in two plays at the Malvern Festival on August 20. One of these plays, "Widowers' Houses," was the first George Bernard Shaw ever wrote

"SOME of London's dance clubs have been surreptitiously acquiring premises on the river or in picturesque villages not too far from London. It is difficult to keep trace of their movements, and the police have a difficult problem before them. But there is little doubt that, surrounded by large and secluded gardens, there are club premises where drink is sold and consumed long after midnight, and where dancing goes on at all hours. The position is exceedingly serious."

The above lugubrious extract from an important journal I reprint because the unconscious humour of it is irresistible, and because its mentality is so utterly damnable. Many of us have wandered, are wandering, or are about to wander, just at this time of year, in all sorts of foreign places. To us this solid chunk of what England can amount to comes as more of a shock than ever.

S

I DON'T care whether a dance club is as decorous as a bishop's garden party—some of them are—and as dull; or whether it is an underground den where sulphuric whisky is sold at five bob a tot to undergraduates trying-out their first safety razor. I refuse to regard it as "exceedingly serious" that any body of men and women should wish to get into the country and drink and dance there. Why should it be a matter for the police at all? The more remote and secluded the premises in which they disport themselves, the less harm they are likely to do when they get there. If such clubs buy their provisions, etc., locally, they will do the village trade a bit of good. If they do not, someone, at any rate, will benefit. At the worst, it will only mean that there will be places in England—the England that, long ago, used to be known as "Merrie"—where people will be doing, more or less clandestinely, what people all the world over, except in America, the Home of the Free, are allowed to do openly.

THE VICTIM (*to Lady Bountiful*): "Well, m'lady, it's ... do what 'usbands are like w...

S

DEAUVILLE, I hear, is filling up. The harbour has been vastly improved and enlarged even since last year, and there is room for more yachts, among them Sir Walter Preston's beautiful yacht Portia, which recently arrived. She has been chartered by Mr. Alexander Henderson, a director of the Cunard Line. Another arrival is Mr. Walter Bowes, who has

Central News

Mr. J. A. R. Cairns, the famous London magistrate, sitting for his portrait to Miss Sara Moshkowitz. The artist, who has been called to the Bar, had a picture hung in this year's Royal Academy

We Must.

By A. R. Cane

he kn ks me about, but there—you knows as well as I hey ne 'ome one over the eight!"

chartered "Monty" Graham-White's Goshawk. Mr. Bowes is a rich American who spends most of each summer in various places on the French coast. Not long ago he gave a cup to be competed for at the Cannes Regatta, and he always entertains lavishly. Entertaining at Deauville is a considerably more formidable business than it was when I first knew the place. In those days it was hardly fashionable at all, the vast Normandy and other hotels, with bedrooms at many hundreds of francs a night, had not been built, and the little town was hardly more than an adjunct of the *bourgeois*, but very pleasant Trouville, which is still quite cheap. And even in this year of grace there are plenty of English people who stay quietly at Trouville and send home dozens of picture postcards from Deauville. A very harmless form of snobbery.

Mr. Griffin, the Chief Constable of Brighton (right), keeps a wary eye on three of his subjects—Jeffrey Farnol, David Whitelaw, and Harry Preston. Developments are hourly expected

TALKING of yachts, Lady Yule's new yacht, which was launched on the Clyde the other day, will be the very latest and loveliest vessel of her type. Also, she will be very fast. Lady Yule chartered, a couple of years ago, Sir Warden Chilcott's Dolphin, which is square-rigged and very picturesque, but on the slow side, and a cruise in the Mediterranean, which included a voyage from Palermo to Cannes, took rather too long. Lady Yule told me then that the yacht she intended to have built would have to move. She and her daughter Gladys will not, however, spend all their time afloat. They are far too fond of country life, and their place at Bricket Wood, near St. Albans, where pet animals abound. Miss Yule is passionately devoted to hunting.

"What are you thinking about, Janet, darling?"
"I'm thinking how nice it is to look at permanent waves that don't cost three guineas every time they're renewed!"

Raphael

Barbara Hoffe, who played Amoret in Tennyson's "Devil and the Lady" at the Arts Theatre, and also played in "The Dumb Wife of Cheapside," by Ashley Dukes, at the same theatre. She will play lead in "A Business Marriage," a new play by Meyrick Milton

THE BISHOP AND THE TOAST

Topical

CHANNEL SWIMMERS IN THE MAKING

Miss Aileen Riggin, of America, the World's champion lady diver. She is seen giving a demonstration to an appreciative audience at the Southport Bathing Pool

Do you know Harry Madras, Norman Rangoon, and Mark Colombo? They are good lads, all. It goes without saying that they are good, for they are, in fact, bishops. Bishops' official signatures always appeal to me—I don't quite know why—as vaguely comic. These three reverend gentlemen, who are, of course, the Bishops of Madras, Rangoon, and Colombo, have been writing a joint and official letter to support the policy of the Viceroy, and I hope the Viceroy feels better for it.

By Stan Terry

"Could I see the captain, please?"
"You'll find him forward, madam."
"I don't mind. I can take care of myself!"

Yevonde

Eve Drury, the clever young dancer who is appearing in Max River's dance presentation at the Dominion Theatre, has been dancing at the Carlton and at Ciro's recently. She is a niece of Mr. Hugh Drury, the famous American polo player

I remember a predecessor of the present Bishop of Sodor and Man presiding, years ago, at a college reunion dinner. He was a most genial soul, and another even more genial (but considerably less sober) soul rose to propose the episcopal health. "Many times," he started off, "have I sung the praises of whisky and soda, but this is the first time I have ever been called upon to do the same in the case of Sodor and Man!" That ended the speech.

Cinema experts declare that the film of "back-stage" life is dead or dying. It is certainly not dead, and if it is dying it is taking an unconscionably long time in the process. Last week, in Madrid, I went to three cinemas on three successive nights—not because I am a great devotee of the cinema, but because, although the language of the American "talkie" is only half comprehensible to me, Spanish is wholly incomprehensible, so ordinary theatres were out of the question. The stories of all three films dealt with the life and loves of American chorus girls, and the stories were thin if the girls were plump. Spanish audiences were made to understand

"BACK STAGE" ON THE SCREEN

By Bertram Prance

"Have you never tried to get off the roads?"
"Why should I, missus? It's full o' romance!"

what was going on by means of an explanatory caption in Spanish flashed on to the actual screen while the characters were talking "talkie" American. My own idea is that these stage stories are used mainly because they give an opportunity to show rows of shapely legs, and for the heroine to appear in practice trunks, and so forth. In short, it is the all-important sex-appeal—and little else.

As a matter of fact, the play about stage life, as such, nearly always fails. The public do not like to be taken behind the scenes. Albert de Courville produced one of the funniest plays I ever saw in *The Show Shop*, and it was a dead "flop" simply because of its theatrical language and technique.

Then film stars out in Hollywood
Might well compete to see who could
Retain one husband longer than
A month (which seems the usual span).
Dean Inge might try to see how long
He could refrain from mournful song
Whilst Philip S. and Winston C.
Might try a test of harmony.

Don Bradman would not vex us sore
Were he to set out not to score,
And try how many overs he
Could play and not make more than three.
But there's no doubt at all the test
Which everyone would call the best
Would be if Income Tax men banned
To hold back every last demand!

B. W.

Press Pictures

The striking bust of the late Lord Northcliffe, which has recently been finished. It is placed outside the church of St. Dunstan-in-the-West, in Fleet Street

ENDURANCE TESTS

America is in the throes of an endurance test craze in which people are sitting up in trees, riding bicycles and walking backwards in attempts to break existing records

THE papers say that nowadays
Endurance tests are all the craze
So here are some suggestions I
Should dearly love to see folk try.
The Dolly Sisters, one fine day,
Might see for how long they could play
Before they broke the bank once more—
That wouldn't last long, I am sure!

Raphael

DORIS SONNE

The English première danseuse, who has been appearing at the Coliseum and other leading halls. She will be seen this month in a series of concerts with Anton Dolin

"JOHNNIE"

MISS AMY JOHNSON—THE EFFICIENT

THE late President Roosevelt was asked to contribute to a symposium on the subject of "What makes for success?" His answer was: "Success is the result of patience, perseverance and unflagging courage." No array of terms could more adequately describe the qualities which contributed to Amy Johnson's triumph in achieving her ambition to fly solo to Australia.

SOMETHING like three years ago, while working in the City, Miss Johnson wrote to me offering the Air League her spare-time services, explaining that she was anxious to familiarise herself with every aspect of aviation.

Whenever press of work demanded extra hands a call upon the telephone brought this amazing young person to the rescue. Already her mind was fixed upon the idea of making a flight to Australia, but although her early morning hours were devoted to her flying lessons at Stag Lane and a large part of the day occupied in the City, her keenness and efficiency were in no way dulled when she presented herself at Astor House in the evening.

WE dubbed her "the flying flapper," for she learnt to fly without difficulty, and, having secured her "A" licence, she proceeded to gain her engineer's licence. To these accomplishments she presently added a knowledge of navigation. Every step in the direction of her goal was taken with calculated care and patience. There came a day, however, when almost tearfully she told me that her plans were not developing as speedily as she had hoped. Someone had failed her, but she never lost hope. With patience, perseverance and unflagging courage she held to her purpose with English tenacity. While I felt sure this ambitious young woman would accomplish something worth while, I confess I lacked the optimism that impelled Lord Wakefield to come to the aid of the young flier. The Australian trip appeared to be beset with difficulties. Sir Sefton Brancker, however, with quick appreciation of genuine tenacity of purpose, mentioned Miss Johnson to Lord Wakefield. The Wakefield wand waved magically, the difficulties were dissolved, and unflagging courage did the rest.

HER appearance when she left this country did not suggest a physique capable of such astonishing endurance of mind and body. On the contrary, her figure was somewhat fragile, her face pale, her hair blonde, eyes blue, and her height no more than 5ft. 3in., I should say. Her native shyness may have somewhat disappeared if one is to believe the many things reported to have fallen from her lips.

AND speaking of lips, "our Amy," when she left these shores, was not given to pigments. She neither made up nor powdered her face unduly, if at all. I never saw her use a lipstick. I doubt if she had the leisure to devote much thought to her appearance, which Mother Nature had taken care to fashion in a manner quite satisfactory.

NOT long before her flight to the Antipodes I was asked to find a substitute to lecture to a drawing-room meeting of distinguished ladies in the interests of charity. The famous lady pilot who was to have spoken was ordered away by her doctor. Very kindly Amy Johnson consented to speak of her experiences as a ground engineer—the only woman engineer employed on any aerodrome. Next day, however, an agitated voice from Stag Lane informed me that, after all, she felt she could not undertake the task. She had never spoken in public before—would I let her off? This child who was willing to face 12,000 miles of unknown perils lacked the nerve to address a gathering of benevolent people in a London drawing-room!

It was but a temporary condition, known as "cold feet," for without much difficulty I overcame Miss Johnson's reluctance, and, needless to say, she made an admirable little talk.

WHEN, as chairman, I explained diffidently that instead of the world-famed pilot I had to offer a young girl unknown to fame, I ventured into the realms of prophecy. I said: "I am introducing to you, ladies and gentlemen, a young woman who is about to make history. You will look back upon this day and boast that you were the first audience to be addressed by Miss Amy Johnson. She is about to make her maiden speech."

TO-DAY I have no doubt there are ladies in London town who are apt to lead the conversation to the subject of flying, and presently they casually mention that they are acquainted with "that plucky girl who flew all the way to Australia by herself." In genteel fashion they will "swank" of having met the young woman whose accomplishment has done so much for British aviation by drawing attention to the excellence of our aircraft and engines.

ALL England is eager to see Amy Johnson when she makes her tour through the country, visiting some thirty cities during August and September, and to pay tribute to one who has been honoured by His Majesty by the bestowal of an appointment as Commander of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire.

"What did you say when he told you about his ailments?"
"I said I did not care for organ recitals"

BY REBEL STANTON

DANSE FANTASTIQUE

BY JORGEN MYLLER

IN HULA-DAY MOOD

Where skies are blue and girls are brown,
With strumming ukes we sit us down,
And while the maidens dance we vow,
"Dame Nature's wonderful—and how!"

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT
CIGARETTES "MEDIUM" 100
Out of the Blue
Player's Please
It's the Tobacco that Counts
N.C.C 892

THE FUTURIST'S DR

BY LESLIE BUTLER

DREAM OF PARADISE

BY BAIRD

A FAN FAN-TASY

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GUINNESS?
GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU
GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU
GUINNESS GETS HOME
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CRAVEN "A"

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

A PYRRHIC VICTORY

By GEORGE FROXFIELD

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK OLDHAM

As Fluffie Cary-Lovell stood on the topmost platform of the teak diving-board, for every contour, concave and convex of her long, lissome body the ebon and scarlet arabesque bungalow made a telling background.

Seen from the towpath opposite, the black triangular slip about her middle and her two black breast-plates were conspicuous, but the clinging, translucent, flesh-coloured material in between was indiscernible.

"Fluffie really *is*!" thought Angela Fullarton on the other side of the river, as she stepped into the ferryman's punt. "George would have a fit!"

Had Angela not been hurrying down to tell Fluffie the great news about her husband, George Cary-Lovell, the sight of Fluffie in the buff would not have made Angela remember George's existence. None of Fluffie's friends ever did remember it. But Angela, having sworn she would die before she repeated one word to a living soul, had been told on her husband's unimpeachable authority that George was to take silk, contest Great Barlow at the pending by-election, and had been offered by the new Prime Minister (like George, an old Wykehamist) the post of Solicitor-General.

Poor darling Fluffie must, of course, be told. It would simply kill her. To be separated—not publicly and judicially, but still with deeds and lawyers and seals and things as all her intimates knew—from a Solicitor-General husband would be too mortifying for anybody. Fluffie would have absolutely revelled in floating about as Mrs. (or was it Lady?) Solicitor-General. And now there she was derelict, looking positively wanton on the diving-board.

"Darling!" screamed Angela as the punt drew near.

Fluffie's expression said "Damn!" But she echoed "Darling" and pattered down to the landing-stage. Cautiously they kissed. In twin hammocks in the shade of the weeping elm Angela broke her news, and Fluffie hid her dismay so successfully that Angela knew she must be frightfully cut up.

"How wonderful!" Fluffie exclaimed, exhaling grey "gasper" smoke. "Poor old George! It *is* splendid! I've sworn—covenanted in the lingo of the law—not to molest him, but I simply must write to my solicitors to tell them to write to his solicitors to tell them to write to George and give him my congratulations. Of course, I always *knew* there was something in George—at bottom. Hidden away like that, too."

"It *does* seem such a pity," murmured Angela, disappointed at Fluffie's flippancy. "A Solicitor-General, I hear, is only a sort of caterpillar. He becomes Attorney-General, like a caterpillar becomes a chrysanthemum or whatever it's called—you know the thing a butterfly comes out of. The real ending—the butterfly stage—is being Lord Chancellor. Fancy George—Lord Something-or-other—on the Woolsack!"

Fluffie mixed Angela a cocktail—heavy-handed with the bitters for the cat—gave her lunch, and triumphed over her by showing her three new dresses and four new hats.

"And who's the latest?" demanded Angela, glancing round on the photographs in Fluffie's bedroom.

"How d'you mean?" asked Fluffie, looking bewildered.

"Still got dear Peter Briscoe in tow?"

Fluffie momentarily shut her eyes as she did if she saw a slug in the salad.

"See him occasionally," she said. "Hope you're still the faithful Griselda, darling."

"I don't know why you say that!" burst out Angela. "I'm not a bit."

"You quiet ones!" exclaimed Fluffie. "Who is your partner in sin?"

But her mind was seething. George on the Woolsack! Herself, dispensing hospitality in Downing Street or wherever Lord Chancellors hang out. Snubbing people who had asked for it—like Aunt Harriet. Petting poor briefless barristers. . . .

Her eyes grew dreamy. Of course, she had been trying (but what of George?) But she could and would ride herself on the curb—if she could only get another chance.

All George's abominably irritating tricks, which had simply torn at her nerves, would be so easy to overlook in a Lord Chancellor—or even a Solicitor-General. The wife of a great man simply *has* to put up with things. Look at King Solomon's queen or the wife of a genius like Charlie Chaplin, say. Trying, admittedly. Things that were positivey loathsome in a nonentity were quite venial in a genius—like George.

If only all this had happened before that blazing culminating row over Peter Briscoe!

Something *must* be done.

And yet, she reflected, when she had at last got rid of Angela, George couldn't possibly suspect that she knew anything about his amazing luck. But once the papers got hold of the secret George would see a hook in every olive branch. She would be suspect. George would don his mule's skin and ignore every appeal—even physical ones.

Something must be done at once, then.

What?

Once it had been ridiculously easy—quite unconsciously and to her annoyance—to work George up. After three months' solitude George ought to be tindery. See him? Why not? Worth trying.

Regretfully she passed over the new frocks and unearthed a dress and a horrible helmet of a hat that George had once admired. A powdering of blue round her eyes and the absence of rouge from her cheeks gave her quite an interesting appearance. Indeed, George might even be led to think. . . .

But that would be going too far.

George—with Aunt Harriet to housekeep for him—still lived in the Cary-Lovell family barrack in Chester Square. Somewhere Fluffie still had a latchkey. She hunted it out. At seven o'clock that evening, when she knew George would be tubbing, his aunt in the restoring hands of her maid, and preparations for dinner engaging the attention of the rest of the household, Fluffie let herself in.

Darling familiar dungeon, that dark passage of a hall she tiptoed through! How exciting! Just like being a burglar! No wonder men went in for burgling! She had never before been able to imagine why they did it.

She reached George's dressing-room. His smoking-coat and the rest were laid out for him. She fingered them with the expression with which an errant mother fondles her dead baby's clothing—on the screen. She heard George singing. Brute! But men were so insensitive. Wallowing like a buffalo in there, making a marsh of the place as usual! Darling George!

A window curtain hit Fluffie when George arrived. Silly boy! Too hot. He never had been able to manage a geyser. Like a prawn he was!

"George," she said presently, in the husky tone he had once said he loved.

The curtain was violently jerked aside. He glowered at her.

(All rights strictly reserved)

"Throw me out of the window," said she. "But listen first. George, I just *had* to see you."

"Not—not like this," he retorted, evidently self-conscious, she perceived. "It's—it's confounded bad taste! It's—not done."

"I *am* like that," said Fluffie meekly. "But I won't bother you long. George, I want a divorce."

George reached for his purple dressing-gown and, as he struggled into it, said:

"You do, do you? More fool you for coming here. D'you think I'll stand for a collusive action?"

"An—an ordinary one, I meant," she said. "It can't go on. Being neither one thing nor the other hurts. I could scream. I'm miserable, George."

"No monopoly."

"You've your work. I'm—aimless. It's dreadful. And all the things I used to like are insipid now. I believe I only did like them because you didn't. The same with people. I loathe the old gang. Every one."

"If you'll wait downstairs," said George, "I'll join you in ten minutes. Can't discuss things up here."

"You used to be best at it up here," said she. "D'you remember, George, that evening we were going to dine with Judge Somebody-or-other and you made us so frightfully late because you would—talk?"

"I don't," said George reddening, but evidently he did. "You must be mad to come here and——"

"I am. Utterly mad. Often I feel like making a hole in the water. It's a temptation living on a river bank. And nobody would mind."

"Don't you believe it," said George. "A policeman once told me there wasn't a more loathsome job than hauling suicides—especially those of long standing—out of the water."

"You're dreadfully heartless, George."

"I am. That's your fault."

"Why? I've not got it still, have I?"

"You have *not*. And now if you'll be good enough to clear out—I'll get on with dressing."

George went to the door and held it open.

"Let me wait and I'll tie your tie for you."

George stared at her and said:

"What's the game? You aren't trying to—to vamp me, are you?"

"I *did* think of it," she admitted. "But I—dismissed the idea. Your so strong-minded. And I never made much of an appeal, did I?"

"Fool! You know well enough the sort of ass I was. But I'm not. And it's useless. Utterly! Understand?"

"Why, of course! That's why I never tried it. Columbus never itched to go to America twice. That's why a wife's at such a disadvantage."

"How you bleat! What pestilential, poisonous tosh!"

"I'm a fool. Always was. But I didn't come here to quarrel. I thought a quiet talk——"

"With my solicitor, not me. Please get out."

Fluffie went to him, turned her back, stooped till her splayed fingers touched the floor, then said:

"Go on. Kick me out."

"You're impossible. You don't seem to have any—instinct."

"Except to do the wrong thing," said she. "I've done that all my life. Marrying you when I didn't love you——"

"You've said it!"

"Oh, it's true enough! P'raps I thought I did. But I didn't. I hated it. You never knew. It was—beastly. And then getting used to it—and you. And getting to—— George, you've a lot of good points."

"Taken you an age to discover that."

"I've had time to think."

"Young Briscoe chucked you, or what?"

"A bit mean, isn't it? No. Peter's what I let him be—discontented. I hate him."

"He's not interested in the proposed divorce, then?"

"He is not. No man is. Except you. I just want to—burn my boats. It's—it's wistful having a boat behind you and knowing you can't ever use it."

"I don't follow."

"I want to be free."

"What for?"

She sat down on the bed.

"I don't know," she confessed, shaking her head.

"Don't you think I'll give you grounds?"

"I don't. I wouldn't let you. It would injure you, wouldn't it? But it wouldn't injure me. I'm—done in already. I wish you were a ploughboy, George?"

"Why?"

"Because you'd thrash me—and take me back."

"So—that's it?"

"What if it is?"

"Too late."

"We're both alive."

"Yes. But—other things are dead."

"I thought that," said she; then added in a whisper, "but—mine isn't."

"It never lived!" he said.

"Throw me out of the window," said she, "but listen first. George I just had to see you"

She leapt up and went swiftly across the room to him, clenched hands at her hips.

"I'LL go then!" she exclaimed. "I never thought I'd tell anybody that! Never! I never meant to breathe a word. I'd have let you kill me rather than tell you. It—slipped out. And—you jeer! I never jeered at *you*. I felt horribly sorry. In those early days. I tried and tried. I longed to feel as you felt. *I* didn't jeer——"

"Fluffie, I'm not jeering. Only——"

She stood looking up at him, panting.

"Of course I wouldn't jeer. Only——"

She did not move.

"You—you don't really mean it? You——"

She seemed to be trying to force her working lips into a smile.

"Don't!" he begged earnestly. "Look here, go down. Wait. We—we'll dine somewhere together. We'll thrash this matter out."

"You were always kind, George," said she. "But I don't want—mere kindness. I want to be free—or—utterly a slave."

She whispered the last three words, then rushed to the door. She heard his footsteps as she pattered downstairs. They ceased as she reached the landing. He was staring down after her, she knew. She paused and held her hands before her face.

"Wait, Fluffie. I'll come down and——"

"No," she said, and caught at her breath. "I'm going. I'll never bother you again—never!"

George, as Fluffie knew, was a staunch believer in the excellence of second thoughts. If he hadn't been he would have thrown her out of the window at one period of the interview and kissed her at another. His silence during the next three days was trying but normal—like George himself.

On the morning of the third day Fluffie, lying in bed, opened a letter from George. It ran:

"DEAREST FLUFFIE,—I have been thinking deeply over . . ."

He was coming—that evening at 7 o'clock. Fluffie sucked the end of a pencil and tried to remember his pet dishes. Asparagus soup. Creamed sole au gratin. A chop—suddenly, apropos de bottes, just because he was such a pig over chops—an ice-pudding. . . .

At 6 o'clock everything was ready for George. At 7 he arrived. His demeanour puzzled Fluffie, eyeing him from the sofa—lights, frock, expression and pose the result of earnest consideration. He looked determined and yet reluctant—mulish. She didn't move or speak. Deliberately he shut the door. Slowly he approached her.

"He's come to say 'No,'" she had time to think. "He doesn't want to. He wants *me*. But Aunt Harriet or some other cat's got at him."

"Fluffie," he said, bent, caught her upper arms with fingers that sank deep into such biceps as lifting cocktail, cigarette or novel develops, drew her to her feet and stared scowling into her eyes, "you know I've always been—keen. The success of the thing depends on you. If you're prepared to make another effort—I am."

They had just finished dinner when the telephone bell rang. Conscious of George's watchful eyes, Fluffie lifted the receiver. It was Peter Briscoe.

"Look here," he protested, "for the last three days you've kept me hovering. It's got to cease. I——"

"You've said it, Peter," she broke in crisply. "In fact, it *has* ceased. You've brought enough misery into my life. George is here, and I never want to see or speak or even hear of you again."

"That's the way!" ejaculated beaming George as she clapped the receiver on its hook.

GETTING into the turquoise and oyster pyjamas that a sanguine temperament, a telephone call and a special messenger had brought from Regent Street that afternoon, Fluffie gurgled with suppressed laughter. Picture Angela—come to rub it in and crow! Imagine Angela miles in the wake of Lady Cary-Lovell, the Solicitor-General's wife! Only to think of the faces of her envious friends sent thrills down her spine.

She got into bed, patted curls into place, examined herself in a little cloisonné hand-glass, altered the angle of her bedside lamp, then waited.

And waited.

At her writing-table below George was scribbling on a half-sheet of notepaper.

The enclosed letter, my dear old friend, is for your colleagues and such other persons as may know of your very generous invitation. But, though you are Prime Minister, I only think of you as my old school pal. So you've got to know the truth. The fact is, Fluffie and I are making another shot at it. You and everybody else will think me a frightful fool, and you and everybody else will be perfectly right. But I'm not quite such an idiot as to imagine for one moment that she won't play the fool with some youngster and make a hell of my life again. Of course she will. Unfortunately, I still care. And that's that. But I wouldn't for the world allow any scandal about me to affect *you*, so very reluctantly I must decline your most kind and flattering invitation.

K.C., M.P., Solicitor-General, Attorney-General, Lord Chancellor! Georges in different rigs marched in procession in Fluffie's mind. The clever darling!

"George!" called Fluffie softly—one must think of the maids all agog on such occasions.

"Shan't be a minute," cried George. "Just off to the pillar box."

G. F.

FILM NOTES

Ann Harding and Mary Astor as sisters whose outlook on life is exactly opposite. A scene in "Holiday," Producers Distributing Company's latest film

THE WALTZ ETERNAL

By Lionel Collier

THERE is much that is akin to pre-War Viennese musical comedy in "The Love Waltz," another German production from the resourceful Erich Pommer. It does not contain as much music as its stage conterpart, but it has some very tuneful airs and a theme waltz. It really is refreshing to hear its lilting melody after having had jazz tunes "plugged" into one's ears unmercifully through thousands of feet of uninspiring films accompanied by their appropriate nasal "guitar."

SOME people hold that the Germans have no lightness of touch. Certainly they do show a preference, both in their books and films, to a certain degree of morbid psychology; but when, as in "The Love Waltz," they turn to lighter things, there is no heavy-handedness, but rather a joie de vivre which is almost French in its application. It becomes, in fact, risqué without being coarse.

IN this film, which will in all probability be shown shortly in the West End at the Regal, we have a very typical musical comedy plot—the amorous Archduke avoiding being trapped into a mariage de convenance by making his young and attractive secretary take his place. Of course, the attaché falls in love with the bride to be, and equally expectedly the Archduke discovers that his prospective wife is much more attractive than he thought. But love has its way, and wedding bells ring for the young lovers, while the Archduke continues on his path of amorous conquests. All very slight, no doubt, but excellently clothed with humorous detail produced in a manner which reflects equal credit on Pommer, the producer, and Wilhelm Thiele, the director. The camera has been used most effectively to give scope to action, and, as in the producer's first bi-lingual production, "The Blue Angel," economy of dialogue has been observed.

THE star is Lilian Harvey, a young English girl, who has lived the greater part of her life in Germany, having, I believe, been in the ballet at the Berlin Opera House. She is thus able to appear in both the English and German versions of the film. She is attractive and vivacious, even if not wholly suited to the rôle of a princess; there is too much of the gamin in her for that.

The young lover is played by John Batten, a juvenile who shows a good deal of unsophisticated charm, much as appeared in Charles Ray in his earlier days.

THE rest of the cast is German, and they all speak English. The fact that they have an accent adds rather than detracts from the enjoyment of the light fare, and certainly seems to add conviction. Once again Pommer has demonstrated how to overcome the difficulties of making a talkie appeal to his own countrymen as well as to Englishmen and Americans, without having to duplicate the entire cast.

How would an English producer, I wonder, manage to get together a cast that could achieve the double purpose?

THE acting of George Alexander as the Archduke is really the best performance of all. He appeared in a number of German silent pictures and one was inclined to think that, like so many Continental stars, he would be lost to the talkie screen. Like Jannings, however, he makes a triumphal début in the new medium.

Miss Lilian Harvey, the English star who plays in Ufa films, takes the part of Princess Eva in the Viennese musical operetta, "The Love Waltz," to be seen shortly at the Regal

WALTER FORDE shows further proof of his versatility in making a very creditable picturisation of the stage play, *Lord Richard in the Pantry*. He has thus run the gamut of "slapstick," melodrama, and farce. Although he strikes one as being a little laboured in his opening scenes, and takes rather too long to introduce the main basis of his plot, he does get it going at last with an easy-flowing continuity. The contrast between life above and below stairs is well drawn, as are the characters.

LORD RICHARD is played by Richard Cooper, who, like the producer, does not settle down to give us his best all at once. When he does get into his part he is very good indeed. Dorothy Seacombe, too, plays well as the heroine.

A strong supporting cast includes Marjorie Hume, Barbara Gott, Leo Sheffield, and Frederick Volpe, and it is no small part of the charm of the picture that one hears English spoken as one is accustomed to hear it, i.e., without calling the olfactory organ into play.

Are you in? Richard Cooper and Leo Sheffield trying to decide this question in a scene in "Lord Richard in the Pantry," Warner Bros. latest talkie

Brian Aherne and Gordon Harker, two of the chief characters in the Burlington Production, "The W Plan," directed by Victor Saville for B.I.P., now at the Empire

ANOTHER old silent screen favourite, one of the most popular "vamps," Mae Murray, makes a successful debut in talkies in "Peacock Alley." This picture was one of the best known of her silent triumphs, and in it she appeared lightly clad, the triumph, in fact, being spectacular rather than histrionic. The reverse is true of the talkie version.

IN fact, we are given some very fine dramatic moments in this story of a man who does not believe in marriage and wants to live with the girl who does. The strongest situation is that in which the girl, having married a man she admires, is suspected by him of having been guilty of an affair with the man she loves. Of course, in the end the husband divorces her and the man who does not believe in marriage changes his opinions, but even this weakness is not sufficient to destroy the strength of the preceding scenes.

George Barraud, an English actor who appeared so successfully in "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," gives a well-balanced performance as the lover.

MAE MURRAY, while more mature than of yore, is attractive and has a very pleasing speaking voice. It is a pity that a very indifferent dance sequence in colour should have been allotted to her at the end; it holds up the thread of the story, and should certainly be considerably curtailed.

This otherwise entertaining picture is, I understand, to be presented shortly in the West End for a pre-release.

I SAW "The Phantom of the Opera" at the Dominion Theatre the other day, and I must confess to disappointment. Its reproductions of the Paris Opera House are very fine, but otherwise the story merely sets out to horrify, which it does by way of the simple expedient of making Lon Chaney look ghastly. It is not acting.

I found, too, that five years advance has dated the production. The newly added talked sequences are poor and badly delivered by Norman Kerry and Mary Philbin.

The really good spot in the show is the ballet which precedes the film.

L. C.

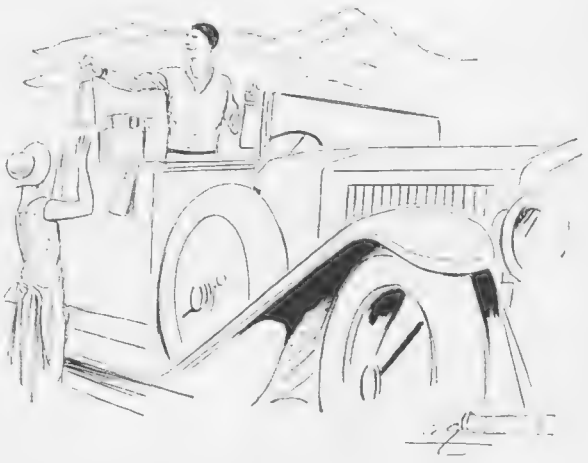
PARIS GOSSIP

ATHLETES, AUTHORS AND OTHERS

By Sylvia Lyon

NAPOLEON founded the Legion of Honour in 1802, when he was First Consul. The order was primarily intended as a reward for military valour, and the encyclopædias describe the decoration as a "ruban rouge." The Palace of the Legion of Honour is a sweet little building on the Quai d'Orsay, and on the left-hand side, running back to the Rue de Lille, is the Museum of the order.

I suppose that is where the chief ribbon clerk maintains his headquarters. But the ribbon may range nowadays from an infinitesimal button to a sash big enough to infuriate a bull, according to the grades of the decoration, which is no longer confined to the fruits of military heroism.



"Borotra is the pet dairy salesman of the Basque coast"

THE nice old clerk must have enjoyed himself in his stuffy office while the rest of Paris was out at the Stade Roland Garros watching the Davis Cup matches, for he cut off a good-sized piece of ribbon to be fitted into the cravat of the grade of Chevalier for Jean Borotra. Even before the finals, when Borotra was teasing Lott and a vast screaming audience, including the President of the Republic, into fits, until he decided to walk away with the cup, Jean had received his promotion as Chevalier. *Le Journal Officiel*, the Government newspaper, if Government announcements can be considered news, published the lists of awards made by the different Ministries. Aristide Briand had evidently growled beneath his moustache: "Borotra, Jean, engineer. He is one of the most brilliant bearers of French influence abroad." Of course, we all know that, as we know that Jean always packs with his tennis rackets samples of oil pumps which he sells throughout the world; he has upset the entire hat industry by causing millions of berets Basques to be universally sold. But he is also the pet dairy salesman of the Basque coast. His farm is situated between Biarritz and St. Jean de Luz, and he supplies all the hotels in the vicinity with milk and butter from the dairy.

"Georges Carpentier has been appointed physical instructor at Joinville"

"I can imagine no more amusing sight than to see them playing golf together"

FOR Borotra to be a milkman is a most suitable occupation, as first of all, he never goes to bed, and when he does, it is at the hour when milk is delivered all over the world.

Berry Wall has also been made a Chevalier of the Legion d'Honneur, for what special reason I remain in ignorance, unless it is because he has walked his chow dog farther than any man living, during an interminable number of mornings in various places, from the Avenue des Champs Elysées to Deauville.

SPORTS item: Georges Carpentier has been appointed physical instructor at Joinville. If you don't know what Joinville is, you are missing a great sight. It is the suburban garrison where all the future athletes, boxers and circus performers in France achieve their military service. It must be a delightful experience to see Carpentier drilling young trapeze artists, who no doubt will one day go over the top throwing their handkerchiefs to their lieutenants, while emitting the cri de guerre of "Allez-oop!"

LOUIS VERNEUIL, whose real name is Louis Collin du Bocage, started writing plays at the age of sixteen, and now at the age of thirty-seven he has forty-one plays to his record, if not his credit. His first sketch was produced at the Casino at Houlgate, where his family has a villa. His first play to attract real attention was *La Charette Anglaise*, which was produced in 1914 at the Cabourg Casino. He acted the leading rôle himself, and since then nobody has been able to induce him to stop acting. He then wrote *Danièle* for Sarah Bernhardt, who had so much faith in his future that

(Continued on page 342)

LOVE MAKING—ANCIENT AND MODERN

Above: A scene from "The Three Musketeers" at Drury Lane Theatre showing Lady de Winter (Marie Ney) in the famous Dumas incident with D'Artagnan (Dennis King). Below: Crystal Weatherby (Jeanne de Casalis) and Raymond Dabney (Owen Nares) in "The Man in Possession" at the Ambassadors Theatre. This actor has lately taken over the part in H. M. Harwood's witty play which was created by Ramond Massey, who has been compelled to leave the cast owing to illness

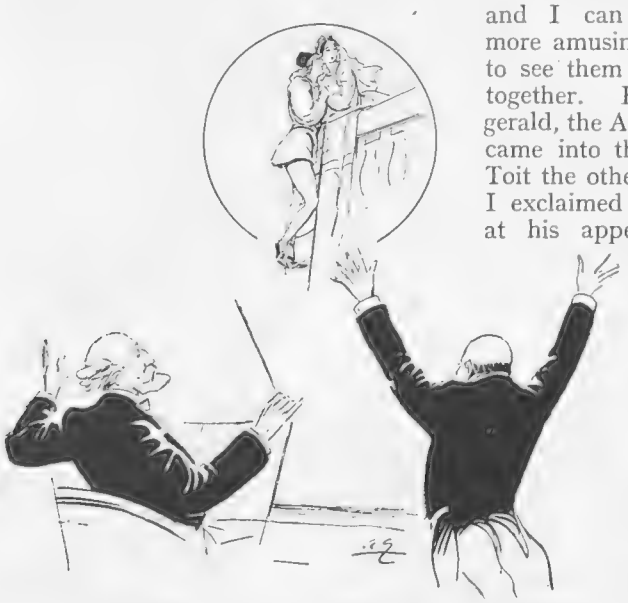
PARIS GOSSIP (continued from page 340)

A glimpse of holiday-makers enjoying the sunshine on the beach at Lucerne, which is known as the Lucerne Lido. The place is already very full of holiday-makers in search of sunshine and sparkling air

her granddaughter, Lysiane Bernhardt, married him.

PEOPLE still talk of that wedding, which was more like a theatrical première, for Sarah, all in white, was carried to the altar in a sedan-chair. The romance did not last long; they were divorced, but this was the cause of Verneuil's success. He had just written *Ma Cousine de Varsovie,* which called for an actress with a strong foreign accent. Lugné-Poë, the producer, advised Verneuil to send for Elvire Popesco, who arrived from Bucharest three days later. She learned the first act in twelve hours. She was such a success in the rôle, that thereafter his plays were all written around her: *Tu m'Epouseras, Fauteuil 47,* and *L'Amant de Madame Vidal.* When this year found them no longer on shrieking terms, Popesco played for a few weeks in *Tu m'Epouseras,* but minus Louis as leading man.

THE young Emperor of Annam, who has been studying for several years in Paris, is now at Vichy. Miss Anne Morgan is at Marienbad, and so is Professor Lunarcharsky, the Soviet Commissar, and I can imagine no more amusing sight than to see them playing golf together. F. Scott Fitzgerald, the American author, came into the Bœuf sur le Toit the other night, and as I exclaimed rather loudly at his appearance, several other lion-hunters in search for Fitzgerald started looking under the tables for him. I hear that Mary Garden is in Corsica, and, speaking of singers, I recall a story about the late Jean de Reszke.



"The orchestra pit was frantically invaded by a dark and gesticulating little man"

IT seems that when the great tenor was singing at the Opéra Comique, a very pretty but little-known soprano was engaged to sing with him in *Romeo et Juliette.* She was married to a Bulgarian, and a very jealous one at that. Although his wife possessed a sufficient amount of hair to be a natural long-haired Juliette, her husband insisted that she wear a wig. Not only that, but in order to prevent any theatrical caresses from Jean de Reszke, the guarded soprano was forced to wear a special steel plate under her costume on the very shoulder upon which Romeo was to lay his romantic head.

On the opening night, the orchestra pit was frantically invaded by a dark and gesticulating little man. The conductor nearly lost his poise, and the audience thought that either the intruder had gone crazy or that the score suddenly called for an additional conductor. The truth was that the steel shoulder-plate had slipped, and the Bulgarian husband could not bear to see Jean de Reszke leaning upon his wife's unprotected shoulder.

After the frightened and embarrassed Juliette readjusted her armour, the opera proceeded. S. L.

Sport and General

Mrs. Sidney Vandenberg combing her hair after a dip. She is seen on the rocks at Cap d'Antibes

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

BENSONIANS AND OTHER ENTHUSIASTS

By Ralph Straus

WHAT'S in a name? Not always very much, but sometimes enough to go on with. At the moment it seems almost impossible to be a Benson without writing a book of one kind or another. Some of the clan begin very young; others wait for old age; all manage to do work which is at least not lacking in distinction. The latest of them to try his hand at the game is Sir Frank Benson, who thus follows in the footsteps of his wife, his younger brother, Lord Charnwood, his sister-in-law, and his niece—to say nothing of more distant relations.

My Memoirs (Benn: 21*s.*) is a modest and entertaining account of a singularly agile life. Frank Benson was certainly not "born to the footlights." Winchester and Oxford and a "Blue" might well have sent him into diplomacy or the Church; instead, he became a "ruddy Oxford amateur," who was so ignorant of the conventions of the stage as to refuse his first week's salary on the weird grounds that his poor acting had not earned it.

IT was a peculiar beginning, but Benson had his own peculiar way of doing most things, as his faithful Bensonians—they came into existence in '83—would soon find out. He did not fall into line even at his knighting, for the King touched his shoulder, not at Buckingham Palace, but at Drury Lane Theatre, after a performance and with a borrowed "property" sword. But it was a fitting gesture, and this volume is a fitting commentary on a romantic career. As a rule, I admit, I find theatrical memoirs exceedingly tedious—so often they are little more than lists of names, mock-modest criticisms of the writer's own work, and hoary chestnuts of the silliest kind. Here, however, not all the scenes smell of the footlights, there are jolly vignettes of interesting people, and Sir Frank himself does not monopolise the spot-light.

WHAT good company Mr. Denis Mackail can be! He is the best buttonholer I know. I could read yards of him, even if he were to forget that he was supposed to be telling a story at all. There are people, I know, who think that he ought not to be content to ramble on amiably about amiable young folk. He ought, they declare, to be writing the "really big thing." But I like him very well as he is, and I have rarely liked him so well as I do in *The Young Livingstones* (Hodder and Stoughton: 7*s.* 6*d.*).

NOW, your Bright Young Things have had a fairly good innings in fiction, and no doubt have justified their existence, but they can soon become boring. Mr. Mackail, I am glad to say, is much more interested in the Nice Young Things, and in particular in two of their number, a brother and sister who actually like one another, and are not always thinking about themselves. Rex and Barbara, it is true, are thoroughly "modern," but they do not drown themselves in cocktails or go to strange parties or use language well suited to angry bargees. They get into scrapes, but they are harmless scrapes. They dance most nights, but are never in trouble with the police. Rex, moreover, looks after his sister, and she falls in love with his greatest friend. Everything, in fact, goes exactly right. You may argue that this is not life as most of us find it, and the Bright Young Things themselves will probably sneer; but Mr. Mackail knows very well what he is doing, and if you want to be amused and sometimes moved and always entertained, you will make the acquaintance of Rex and Barbara and the admirable Binks.

RONALD FRASER

Whose new novel, "Rose Anstey," is reviewed on this page. It is published at 7s. 6d. by Cape

A WORD or two here about Mr. Ronald Fraser's new novel, *Rose Anstey* (Cape: 7*s.* 6*d.*). I place it high. It is piquantly unusual and beautifully written. Rose herself is a delightful young pagan, and I might easily fill a column with her story; but if I did you would probably get a wholly wrong impression of the book. There are novels like that: the most careful synopsis will tell you very little indeed. Perhaps it will be enough if I say that Rose and her mother live in the same house as three elderly bachelor brothers, all of whom become her devoted friends. She has her younger admirers, but they hardly count. What, then, will happen when one of the brothers—you may or may not guess which one it will be—succeeds in making her his wife? That is the question which Mr. Fraser answers in his own subtle way. The novel is not without its oddness—there is a fairylike quality about even its most materially minded people—but it is unquestionably good to read, and I can warmly recommend it.

A FEW weeks ago I said that the War-books were dead, but I cannot resist mentioning one of them which, if it had appeared only a few months before it did, would have met with a very big success. This is *Ill Wind* (Chapman and Hall: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by H. E. L. Mellersh, and in one respect, at any rate, it differs very pleasantly from most of its kind.

IT paints all the horrors of war very frankly indeed, but the other, the less bestial side, is not ignored. Moreover, the contrast between life in the trenches and life at home, in particular in a spiteful little village, is illustrated in a very remarkable way. It is an exciting story which, if you are not yet wholly bored with anything to do with the War, should not be missed.

AND what else is there? I was sorry to find *The Dean's Elbow* (Hodder and Stoughton: 7*s.* 6*d.*), the new yarn by A. E. W. Mason, sadly old-fashioned and not very exciting. It is delightfully written, but a brilliant beginning tails off into a very ordinary drama. *The Brief Hour* (Philip Allan: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Miss H. du Coudray, who wrote a prize novel while still at Oxford, is really good, but terribly difficult to read.

IT is one of those books in which paragraphs are few and time is turned topsy-turvy. But if you have patience enough you will find yourself considerably impressed. The scene, by the way, is a French provincial town, and the motif a Professor's dismissal from his University all on account of a beautiful lady.

FOOD & "LIGHT FANTASTIC"

By "The Taster"

VISITORS and even residents want to know where to go to dance and what may be the features of the many places open to their selection.

SHALL it be the Savoy, always bright and modern with its rising dance floor, giving an excellent view of the cabaret to all, bright decorations and cosmopolitan throng? The dance bands are good, and it can be said that the standard of dance bands in this country was first set by the Savoy. The food and service equally good.

THE sacred portals of the Embassy are only open to members and their guests. Peter does not rely upon cabaret to attract, the charm lies in the excellence of the food and service and the distinguished company.

AMBROSE is the magnet which draws lovers of dancing to the May Fair, a nonchalant manner (almost insolently so) of playing the violin with a ready appreciation of catchy new dance tunes enable him to earn a princely salary. The single cabaret turn which it is the custom to present can be relied upon to be good, the surroundings, cuisine and service are all that can be desired.

MODELLED on the saloon of a famous Atlantic liner, no London restaurant provides such a setting for a beautiful woman when making her entrance as does the staircase to the Café de Paris. It is probably the most "in-time" of all our restaurants. A small and curiously shaped dance floor, lacquer red pillars and chairs, the lighting, together with the playing and singing of Hal Kemp and his band, helps to make it one of the most attractive places in Town.

THE Carlton, perhaps more than any other restaurant, would be selected by those who do not like a crowded floor for dancing but good food and service at the tables.

A RUSSIAN Grill, a cosy restaurant, varied cabaret, and plenty of it, and there you have the Splendide.

SHOULD you desire to see the stars of the stage at rest, either in the cocktail bar, on the balcony, or disporting themselves on the dance floor, you will surely find them at Ciro's, where almost every well-known actress must, one would imagine, be a member. Luigi left his mark upon every place he was associated with, and particularly is this the case here.

PERHAPS owing to the number of celebrated American dance bands which have appeared there, the Kit-Cat is the best known London restaurant in America. A large restaurant and dance floor, with a balcony above, complete with dance floor of its own for those not in evening dress; a lighting system with as many changes of colour as there are varieties of a famous sauce; an atmosphere of gaiety—these go to popularise the Kit-Cat and render its dance floor all too small. The amusing cabaret turns, assisted by the brightness of the new decorations and furnishings, all help to maintain its reputation as our liveliest night resort.

THE most Parisian, and one of the newest, is an off-shoot of the Café Anglais, "The Not," very tiny and very chic, a typical "boîte," a few yards of gaily coloured floor sufficing for the dance area. Here evening dress is not essential, which was once the prerogative of its bigger brother, the Café Anglais, but times and decorations having changed, the "boiled shirt" is now necessary in what was the pioneer of the cabaret dance in ordinary day wear.

REX EVANS, big in bulk, quick in repartee, will always be associated with the Anglais, but he has now transferred his affections to Kettner's, where the combined attractions of Rex, the dance band and Geordians draw many well-known folk to his old-established restaurant.

LONDON'S restaurants are extending westward, Grosvenor House being an example, and few would have imagined a restaurant, dancing and cabaret in Park Lane twenty years ago! What a room it has for the producer of a cabaret! No pillars to interrupt the view of his audience; but why, oh why, did the lighting experts undo all the work of the architect? The four lights at the corners of the dance floor obscure the view even more than a pillar.

NOT far from Bond Street lies the Ambassador Club, its lofty ceiling and balcony and cool-looking decorations providing just the right setting for those to whom a quiet talk is as important as the dancing. There is, for the member of a club, a sense of proprietorship which is rather fascinating. Sit in the lounge and watch the newcomers, you will soon observe it in their manner.

OF quite a different type is the Cosmo Club. Jolly, Bohemian, progressive, providing at a very reasonable price a very up-to-date entertainment and good dancing, here you will find the City man—"delayed at the office, my dear," the medical student, and the student of human nature.

WHAT makes a restaurant famous, and why is it that one place becomes fashionable for dinner and not at supper? Quaglino's sprang into prominence at once, and became famous for lunch and dinner, but why not for supper? The food and service must be equally good at supper; the architecture and decorations are not changed.

THE hot weather may turn our thoughts in quite another direction, so why not a run to the Hôtel de Paris at Bray, where one has the choice of dining in the ballroom, under the verandah, or on the lawn at the river edge, and dancing, boating, bathing, or tennis to select from, and withal a peaceful atmosphere. But if in search of romance beware of Sunday! Then we find tables everywhere, packed ballroom, and Ted Lewis and his band blowing the roof off the ballroom.

WILLS'S
'GOLD FLAKE'
SATISFY
GOLD FLAKE

BY E. HARDING

TIME FOR REFLECTION

IN PURSUIT OF THE LITTLE BROWN BIRD

The Glorious Twelfth has just passed and the moors again resound to the reports of guns. A party is seen wending its way over the vast, bracken-covered Pott Moor, in Yorkshire, whilst, inset, beaters are seen loading a pannier pony with the grouse that fell to the guns

SHOOTING NOTES

AUGUST—THE HIGHLANDER'S MONTH

By "Clodhopper"

AUGUST is the month of months in the Scottish Highlands, and the present season, from a sporting and social point of view, promises to be an unusually successful one.

Apart from "The Feast of St. Grouse," which was duly observed on the Twelfth, and the opening day of deer-stalking a week hence, there is the time-honoured round of Highland gatherings and games at Royal Braemar, Aboyne, Bridge of Allan, Crieff, Argyll, Athol, Pitlochry, Lochaber, Oban, Skye, and Inverness, to attract Southrons to the land o' cakes, romance, and glorious scenery.

THE gathering of the clans at Braemar, Aboyne, and some other athletic events, at which the clansmen meet to vie in feats of strength, as stone, weight, and hammer-throwing, will probably be graced by the presence of the King and Queen, who will be in residence at Balmoral. May the first sportsman in Europe enjoy the best of health, weather and shooting during his sojourn in the Highlands. And may equally good sport await His Majesty on the royal preserves at Sandringham.

I HEAR that Scottish hostesses anticipate, and have prepared for, one of the most brilliant autumn seasons experienced in their home country for some years past. During the latter part of last week those most luxurious sleeping-car expresses, the Royal Highlander, Highlandman, and Aberdonian ran in five and six sections each. This would not seem to indicate any great falling off in the migration of London sportsmen and sportswomen to the northern grouse moors and deer forests, anent which we have heard so much of late. A whole host of shooting people, especially from the Midlands, are travelling up to the Yorkshire and Scottish moors by road this season.

EVEN before these Notes are in type many a brace of grouse will have found a way to the London game-dealers' slabs and hooks. It will be interesting to compare later some of the principal 1930 bags with those of famous bygone seasons in which immense totals were recorded. Not a few of last year's bags of grouse shot on the Yorkshire and Scottish moors will be found bad to beat, I imagine. But they were small in comparison with those made during the wonderful grouse year of 1872, when no fewer than 17,064 head of those sporting and delectable game-birds were actually gathered as the result of driving on the famous Wemmergill Moors, Yorks, early in the season.

IN my notes of July 16th I gave some of the huge totals of grouse shot on the big Yorkshire moors during the red-letter season in question. No mention, however, was made of the late Lord Walsingham's two remarkable single-handed grouse shooting records at Blubberhouses—records which still remain to be beaten.

THE first of these marvellous examples of the manner in which driven birds can be shot occurred at the latter part of August. Lord Walsingham, shooting with a pair of muzzle-loaders and two of the latest-pattern breech-loaders of the period, killed, within twelve hours, 842 grouse. Sixteen years later, on the same moor, and using two pairs of 12-bore breech-loading guns, the famous game-shot beat his previous record by 228 birds.

A STILL greater feat—to my idea, at any rate—was that of the late Maharajah Duleep Singh, who shot 220 brace of grouse to his own gun over dogs at Grantully, Perthshire, exactly fifty-nine years ago yesterday. His Highness began shooting at five o'clock in the morning and continued walking over rough, heather-clad ground under a hot August sun until late in the afternoon. This, in itself, must have proved gruelling work enough, apart from the strain of well-nigh continuous shooting and changing guns.

SUCH exploits with the gun were made during an era of great game shots and great game seasons. Still, there are brilliant enough shots to be found among the more modern school of sportsmen, and, although such extraordinary grouse years as 1866 and 1872 are not even dreamed of nowadays, I venture to say that the average seasons of the past two or three decades would compare not too unfavourably with those of the good old days of last century.

MAX BAKER'S SHOOTING NOTE

GET DOGS INTO CONDITION

AT a period when I was paying frequent visits to the kennels of Mr. R. Sharpe, at Beckley, Sussex, I was always struck by the sparkling enthusiasm shown by the dogs under his charge when their turn came to share the work upon which we were engaged. Bar necessary exercise they spent their time in kennel and would be taken back the moment their interest began to flag. They were fed once daily on biscuit. When meat was given the meal took the form of a visit to an isolated shed containing sundry limbs of horse. Sporting dogs which are also pets have struck me by comparison as listless, over-fed, not shiny in coat and contemptuous of orders. These reminiscences come uppermost in mind now that the time has arrived for getting shooting dogs into training for the season that draws near. Since no animal suffers more from heat than a dog the necessary walks must take place in the early morning and late evening. Ingenuity may be needed to avoid motors, where practicable a cycle does the necessary to make the exercise vigorous. Friend Sharpe employs an ingenious device where the "bike" cannot be used. He brings along the "dummy," from time to time drops it by the wayside and saunters on. In due course the dog is sent back to fetch it, so making him cover the distance three times over and get in some useful practice besides. Strict walking at heel is otherwise the rule.

Central News

A photograph taken during the second Pointer and Setter Trials on grouse held on Arran Moors, Isle of Arran. Lord Henniker and other officials are seen with three of the dogs

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DOGS

THE WORKING DOG AND HIS FEET

By Lady Kitty Ritson

NOTHING is more disconcerting than to have a working dog go lame just when you are most anxious to use him, and owners of shooting dogs are hoping at this time of year to be able to work their dogs without being obliged to lay them up with sore pads or similar foot troubles.

DOGS all over the world, whether it be the gun-dog, the dog that has to draw a sledge across frozen snow, or the "beauty" dog that justifies his existence by winning prizes in the show-ring, are extremely liable to foot trouble. It is one of the most common complaints and one which is most difficult to cure. When it is only a matter of an ordinary sore pad, which is occasioned by the feet being "soft," rest and a little local treatment will soon put the matter right. A bruised pad will make a dog go very lame, and the outer skin may wear thin, and working across heather is very liable to cause trouble, particularly to a dog that has thin-skinned pads.

BIDDEE OF IFIELD Fall

Aged one year and nine months. The property of Mrs. Sybil Whitehead, it is the winner of two Championships and numerous first prizes and cups

BUT in these cases bandaging the feet and painting with compound tincture of benzoin will nearly always work a cure. The real difficulty arises when boils appear between the toes or else the whole of the foot breaks out in eczema. Then you may resign yourself to having a sick dog for the best part of a fortnight, and a dog that is sick not only in his feet, but all over. I have had a good deal of experience with these feet, and I must own that I have never been able to hit on a cure. I have asked all the best veterinary surgeons in England their opinion as to a cure, and they have been nearly as helpless as myself—at least as far as the "eczema" feet are concerned. With interdigital boils you must have them lanced, and that is a matter for a vet.

IN the latter case I honestly believe it is better to leave the cure to Nature and the dog. The latter bites and licks his feet till they look quite terrible, but eventually they are cured. It is very rarely that more than one foot at a time is affected, and as a rule the forefeet are the worst. He should be given a small dose of Epsom salts every day, and his food kept very simple and unheating.

AT the end of the time you will find that he will be very thin and poor-looking, but otherwise quite well, and he will pick up very quickly. He is less likely to get another attack within the year if he is left to cure himself.

KEEP the dog cool with small daily doses of some salts and feed as sparingly as is consistent with keeping the dog in health. If he were wolf or a wild dog he would be unable to hunt his food, and would probably go hungry for a week. I have never been courageous enough to try a starvation cure, but it might be efficacious.

For his amazing flight in a D.H. PUSS MOTH Capt. Barnard again chose—

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Before Breakfast, Drink Hot Water and Lemon

Flush Stomach and Intestines of Excess Acid and Gassy Waste Matter

The whole country is taking to drinking hot water and lemon juice every morning. It is one of the wisest health practices ever established. It washes out the stomach and intestinal tract and makes us internally clean.

Most of us are only half ourselves, only 50 per cent. efficient because of a foul condition of the intestines. Due to our sedentary habits and unnatural eating our intestines become slow and sluggish and fail to move out the waste matter in time. It putrefies within us and sets up toxins or poisons that are absorbed by the system and cause a state of auto-intoxication or self-poisoning. This results in acidity, acid-indigestion, bad breath, coated tongue, sick headaches, irritability, lassitude, and sleeplessness.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon rising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous, natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from your chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and the improved digestion. Note the new strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean. Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.

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as most assuredly it will, you must prepare for it, for every householder knows the rigour and stress it lays upon the structure and paintwork of the home. Let Gazes decorate and repair now. Their immense staff of specially selected craftsmen are well known for speed, efficiency, and such a tidy cleanliness that you hardly know the men are in the house. A consultation and an estimate will cost you nothing.

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FLYING NOTES

A SALES MANAGER AND HIS PILOT

Mr. H. S. Tegner, the first oil sales manager to cover his area by aeroplane and keep all appointments to the minute. He is seen with his pilot, Mr. B. J. O'C. Hanstock, beside his Westland Widgeon, Miss Ethyl

"MAKING THE SKYWAYS THE BUSINESS HIGHWAYS"

By Capt. C. E. Ward

Selling by Air

All business which entails travelling can be made more profitable by covering the distance in a shorter time, always provided that the value of time saved is equal to, or greater than, the additional cost of travelling faster. With the exception of Imperial Airways service to Liverpool, Manchester and Birmingham, this country has no regular air lines, so that the "Commercial Traveller" must hire an air taxi, or buy a light aeroplane if he wishes to out-distance his competitors. A number of progressive firms have provided their selling staff with aeroplanes, amongst them being the "Anglo-American," which has a Westland Widgeon, "Miss Ethyl." Mr. B. J. Hanstock, one of the firm's pilots, recently undertook an extensive tour in Scotland on this machine carrying the sales manager as passenger, calls being made at Aberdeen, Edinburgh, Glasgow and Dumfries, amongst other places, in less than half the time required for the same journey by train. All firms would find it profitable to send their highly paid officials by air. One firm go the whole hog by paying the air fares for any of their staff travelling to and from Paris by Imperial Airways, as they find it good for business.

Miss Barbara Crosby, the well-known dance hostess of the Café de Paris, leaving for her honeymoon in Paris. She was secretly married in London to Mr. F. Shirsley Fox, the Australian actor

To Malta Non-Stop

Captain Charles Barnard's flight in a Puss Moth to Malta and back, carried out according to schedule, non-stop each way, in two consecutive days, was a remarkably good show. Following on his flight to India and back within a week, and to the Cape and back in twenty days, this latest achievement stamps Captain Barnard as our finest long-distance pilot. On the Malta flight he was beating his own record, for in 1922 he flew to Malta in two days, his D.H.9 being the first machine to land at Halfa. The total distance of 2,800 miles was covered at an average speed of 110 m.p.h., the time being 13 hours outward and 14½ hours on the return flight. The Puss Moth, which was quite a standard machine except for extra petrol tanks, weighed just about one ton. In the face of these facts, comment on the performance of the machine and the Gipsy engine is superfluous. The "Arens" remote control system was used for the machine and engine, this being the first time it has had a public test. Its simplicity, light weight and positive action are features which will be of the greatest value, particularly in light aeroplanes where the saving of weight is so essential.

A Fine Machine

There is no all-metal light aeroplane in the world which can compete with the Bluebird at £595, the reduction in price having been made possible by an extensive mass production programme. Side-by-side seating is, of course, the great attraction, and the fact that the standard model is fitted with a Gipsy engine is an additional feature of the greatest interest. The Bluebird flown by Flt.-Lieut. Waghorn in the King's Cup race secured third place, and all the Bluebirds entered put up an excellent show. "Auto Auctions" have showrooms at Heston, where the Bluebird can be tried by intending purchasers.

Tips for Private Owners

It is becoming customary for private owners to wear parachutes and therefore the announcement of a new type, to be known as the "Caterpillar," marketed by the Irvin Company at £60, should be noted. It will be made entirely of silk and will be just as efficient as the Standard Irvin air chute used by the Royal Air Force. Abbeville, as the half-way house between London and Paris, is now equipped to cater for private owners in need of petrol, oil, spares and service, these facilities having been installed by Mr. George Nash, who is the representative there of Imperial Airways. Prospective competitors in the Brooklands to Brighton race for the Gold Cup offered by Mr. A. R. Pole should communicate with Captain H. D. Davis at Brooklands.

Fashions Fancies

Exclusive BYSTANDER *photograph*

GOING NORTH

By Lenare

The great trek to Scotland is in progress, for the eagerly awaited "Twelfth" has arrived and the game prospects are excellent. Nobody understands better than Burberry's, of Haymarket, the requirements of the sportswoman, and they have consequently built this splendidly tailored shooting suit in soft brown and fawn Harris tweed, which would be indistinguishable in the butts. It has serviceable pockets, a skirt with a deep inverted pleat at each side, and it can be worn either with a matching tweed hat or with a plain felt one

Three beautiful models which Paris has sent hotfoot to Switzers, in Dublin. The large black felt hat is a Lanvin model, the feather-trimmed toque is from Maria Guy, and the trio is completed by one of Agnès' inspirations in velvet

AUTUMNAL MILLINERY

By Olive Caley Smith

Versatile Brims

THERE is no more fascinating topic in the feminine world than hats, and to start upon it is to want to go on indefinitely, especially just now, when the advance guard of the Autumn models is being sent out, and the milliners' carefully preserved secrets are being disclosed to the favoured few. But where to begin—that is the question! Perhaps with brims, for they are tremendously important. The majority of them are cut low on the nape of the neck, so that the unruly ends of growing hair may be tucked tidily away. Many are draped across the front and at the sides, the whole of the forehead being exposed, while a new note is struck by double brims which are extremely adaptable. That is to say, the brim is folded lengthways in half, the two edges being stitched together and set into the crown, so that a number of entirely different outlines may be achieved.

Famous Designers

PANNE is an autumnal favourite, and is, with velvet, the most becoming of all millinery fabrics. It is exploited by Maria Guy for the gracefully draped model sketched in the centre at the head of this page. She uses the long-haired variety, and revives the mode for a single ostrich feather plume tucked into the back and curving over the shoulder. Velvet expresses the Agnès hat with the waterfall frill, which shows a perfect and unbroken line across the head, and Lanvin chooses black felt, placing a motif of shaded feathers beneath the wide brim, which is well lifted over the eyes. These advance models have already reached Switzers, of Grafton Street, Dublin, in whose salons one can always study at leisure the chef d'œuvres of the fashion world. Everything that a woman can want may be found there, from exclusive wraps and frocks to inexpensive but very attractive ensembles. An illustrated catalogue will gladly be sent free on request to anybody mentioning the name of this paper.

How to Save Money

NOT everybody can hope to have a maid who is a perfect treasure, able to keep clothes always looking at their best. But everyone can summon to their aid the vast resources of Achille Serre, and so preserve at little cost a faultless appearance on all occasions. Not only do they "dry-clean" all garments, removing spots and stains afterwards, but they restore their shapeliness, revive the material, and reset all pleats, so that they look like new again. They achieve equally good results with soft furnishings and dyeing, and their service is particularly quick and efficient. Full particulars may be obtained from any of their branches, or from their Head Office at Blackhorse Lane, E.17.

Lacquered Nails

FINGER nails with delicately lacquered scenes or emblems on each of them are the latest beauty vogue. At The Powder Box, 163, New Bond Street, this art is practised by British girls who are so skilful that they are able to create exquisite monograms in two colours of varnish, or to adorn the fingers of golf enthusiasts with clubs and balls: those of bridge players with the emblem of their favourite suit: of garden lovers with flowers: and so on ad infinitum. Perhaps the most effective are those that definitely harmonise with a certain dress. For instance, a girl wearing a black satin dress with Eastern embroideries on scarlet had lacquer red nails with the tips lightly gilded.

Frocks and suits that are fresh looking and well pressed confer distinction upon their owner. Achille Serre will "maid" you perfectly and lengthen the life of your clothes

Topical

THE CALM OF EVENTIDE

A charming silhouette study of the old harbour at Combe Martin, in North Devon, at low tide. The boats and rocks stand out in sombre relief against the sunset glow reflected in the clear summer sky and calm sea

HOLIDAY HAUNTS

BOSHAM

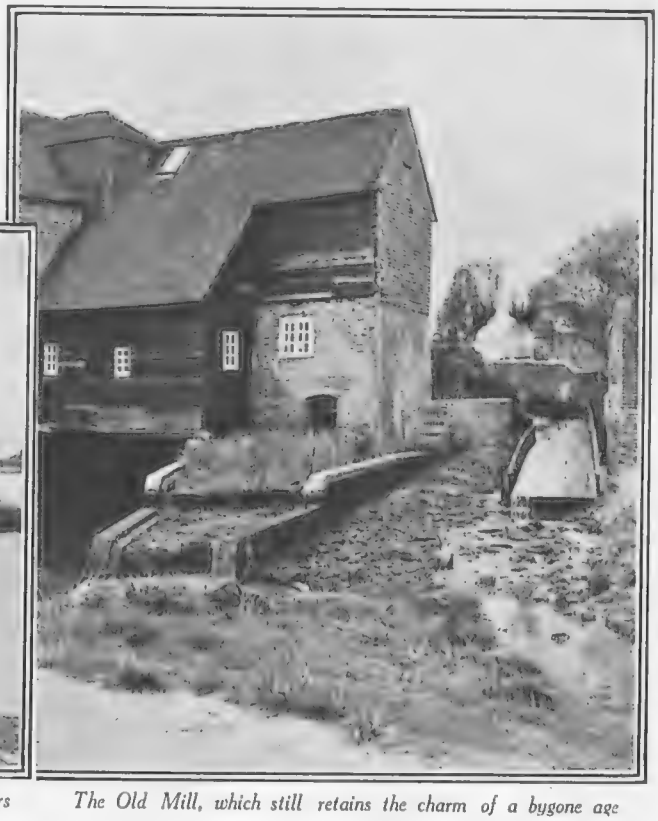
A glimpse of Bosham at low tide

The old church at Bosham, which dates back to Saxon times

A Quaint Corner of Sussex

BOSHAM, in Sussex, on a wide open creek filled by the blue sea at high tide, is famous for its picturesque setting and its age-old history. The Romans had a permanent camp here, it was the scene of Canute's encounter with the advancing waves, and from Bosham Harold sailed for Normandy, which journey culminated in the battle of Hastings. There are few Academy exhibitions without Bosham church, which is one of the oldest in the land. Its tower is said to be original Saxon. The glamour of romance hangs over Bosham, and its old-world atmosphere has altered little since the days of Canute.

The water front and the roadway at low tide. At high tide the road dissappears and the sea almost reaches the windows



The Old Mill, which still retains the charm of a bygone age

MOTOR NOTES

The Australian cricketers with the fleet of Armstrong Siddeley cars they are using during their tour. These cars—like Don Bradman—have been responsible for many good runs this summer

ON BRITISH HOTELS

By E. M. Wright

If ever I should wish to lay claim to individuality as a writer on motoring—which Heaven forbid!—I should at least have a rock-hard foundation for my claim. It would be based on the fact that never yet have I come down to joining in the outcry against the British hotel. For there is no subject more hackneyed. I am well aware that there is plenty of material for a one-sided article—or may I say a book?—on the subject, but I think the answer to all the hoary arguments is that the British hotel suits our peculiar needs just as well as hotels of any other nation suit the needs of that nation. For example, if the catering and cooking is not particularly inspiring in the average British hotel, it is much the same as the standard to which most Britishers are accustomed in their own homes! Those who grumble at what they get in hotels are in a fortunate minority; they are the lucky few who actually do obtain a better service in these respects at home.

***

That is, I submit, an entirely novel argument and one which the hotel proprietor dare not use himself—or what an outcry he would cause! But it is true to a large extent that it is our national temperament and our national characteristics which are responsible for our hotels. We have ourselves to blame for this problem. We hate fuss. We hate making complaints, and this makes it harder for those hardy few who feel like uttering a modest grouse when they suffer from ineptitude in hotels. It is this which makes it possible for the hotel-keeper to produce that exasperating statement which seems to be his stock rejoinder to anyone who makes a complaint: "I have been umpteen years manager here, and this is the first complaint I have had." To this my reply is: "Well, if you are wise it will be the last time, too." But I am a man of peace, and usually I have not the courage to say that; I merely decide not to go there again and to see that none of my friends is "let in" either.

***

From my own experience of British hotels I have only one general grumble, and that concerns that hackneyed phrase "service." Surely this time-worn word may best be defined in the most general terms as "an anticipation of one's wants," and it is not unreasonable to expect that when an hotel is established, that should be its highest ideal. I recall an experience at one famous hostelry on the Great North Road. The service (in the above sense) was so bad that at breakfast almost everyone in the coffee-room had to rise and help themselves to marmalade, mustard, and so forth, from other tables.

***

Apart from this general question of service, there are a few particular points which are inexplicable to me. For instance, why should we be charged extra for baths? Why should there be such a fuss if we want a bath? Why is the bathroom door locked when the staff retires for the night, as it usually does at an early hour? Surely there should be an extra charge on visitors who do *not* have a bath!

***

Again, there may be economic reasons for not rebuilding old hotels so that running hot water is provided in every room, but surely in such places there should be extra pains taken to see that hot water is provided in cans whenever it is likely to be needed. Personally I find it difficult to obtain water that is really hot enough for an efficient shave in the morning.

***

When I have enquired into this I find some feeble excuse given, such as that the night-porter has not been attending to the fire properly. The result is that even the hotel linen-press is not properly heated, and damp sheets are served out all round! Which leads me to the worst of my own particular grumbles against British hotels—that in far too many of them one may still, in this twentieth century, be served with a bed that is at least partially damp. There is no excuse for this.

L.N.A.

Sir William Morris presenting Sir Edward Manville with a silver cigar box, at a luncheon at the Savoy, as a token of appreciation of his services during the eight years of his presidency of the Society of Motor Manufacturers. The photograph shows Mr. E. W. Garnon (left), Mr. W. R. Shepherd, Mr. H. L. Kenward, Sir Edward Manville, Mr. H. A. Bennett and Sir William Morris

MOTOR NOTES (continued)

Of course, some of the menus, too, are simply terrible. For the 3*s.* 6*d.* which, with few exceptions, seems to be the minimum charge for a table-d'hôte lunch, one is often served with a meal which would disgrace a cheap restaurant in town, where 1*s.* 6*d.* is the charge for the same number of courses. Sometimes the excuse for this state of affairs is that the trade is seasonal, so much so that the hotel has to put on the price on "good" days to cover the losses on "bad" days, or weeks, or months, as the case may be. This may apply fairly enough in the Highlands of Scotland, but it does not apply on the main London to Brighton road, where I have come across some of the worst cases of this ramp.

An Irishism

It appears that the second Irish International Grand Prix was not run without revealing some of the national characteristics. When the results of the light car race, run on the first day, were announced the Austin Seven driven by A. C. R. Waite was placed second. The driver was officially conducted to the Viceregal box and formally congratulated. After a number of finishers had been flagged, a bulletin was issued from the timekeeper's box to the effect that an error had been made and that Waite actually filled fifth place, having been flagged a lap too soon. When Waite received the signal of the chequered flag he slowed down to "cruise" once more round the course and return to his pit. The lengthy time occupied in the "cruising" caused Waite to slip back into the fifth position finally credited to him. Had Waite not received the signal that he had finished the course his last lap would have been accomplished in a time approximately equal to that of previous laps, and he would have occupied third position, and Frazer Nash would have taken fourth place. A protest was made to the Stewards of the Royal Irish Automobile Club, who, after considering the matter, decided that an error had certainly been made, but that it could not be rectified.

***

The Daimler Co. has sent me a booklet they have just completed on their facilities for service and tuition. In connection with the latter, a new scheme has been started whereby Daimler owners and their chauffeurs may have official instruction in connection with the proper running and upkeep of their cars. Copies may be obtained from the Daimler Co., Coventry.

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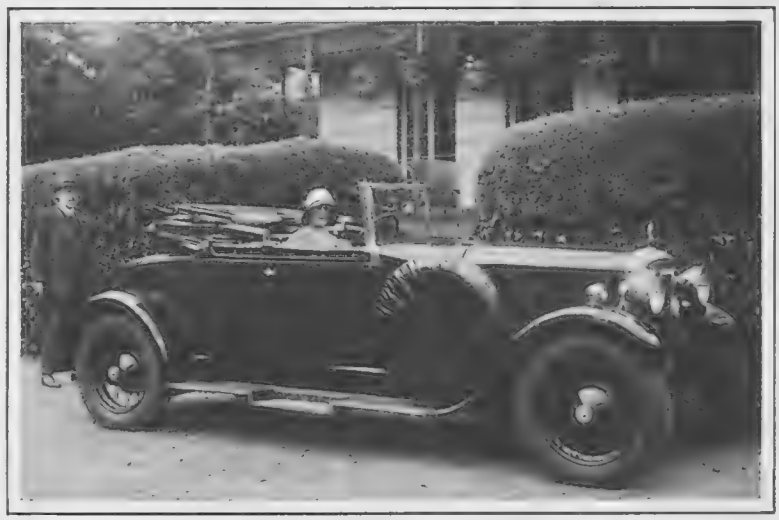

Lady Rogers at the wheel of her new Daimler "Twenty" coupé. She is the wife of Sir Hallewell Rogers, D.L., J.P., the Deputy Chairman of the Birmingham Small Arms Co., Ltd.

Mr. S. W. Phillips, who has been for many years advertising manager of the Lanchester Motor Co., Ltd., has been appointed to a similar position with the Rover Company.

Breaking Records

The figures of the attendances and the number of cars, etc., parked, shows that this year's Aldershot Command Tattoo has again broken all records. The number of cars parked rose from 31,650 last year to 33,177 this year. On the "best night" the number of spectators was 86,700, as against 80,000 last year, while the number of cars was 8,359, compared with 6,823.

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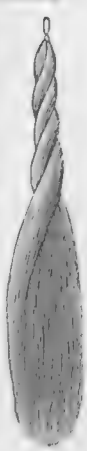

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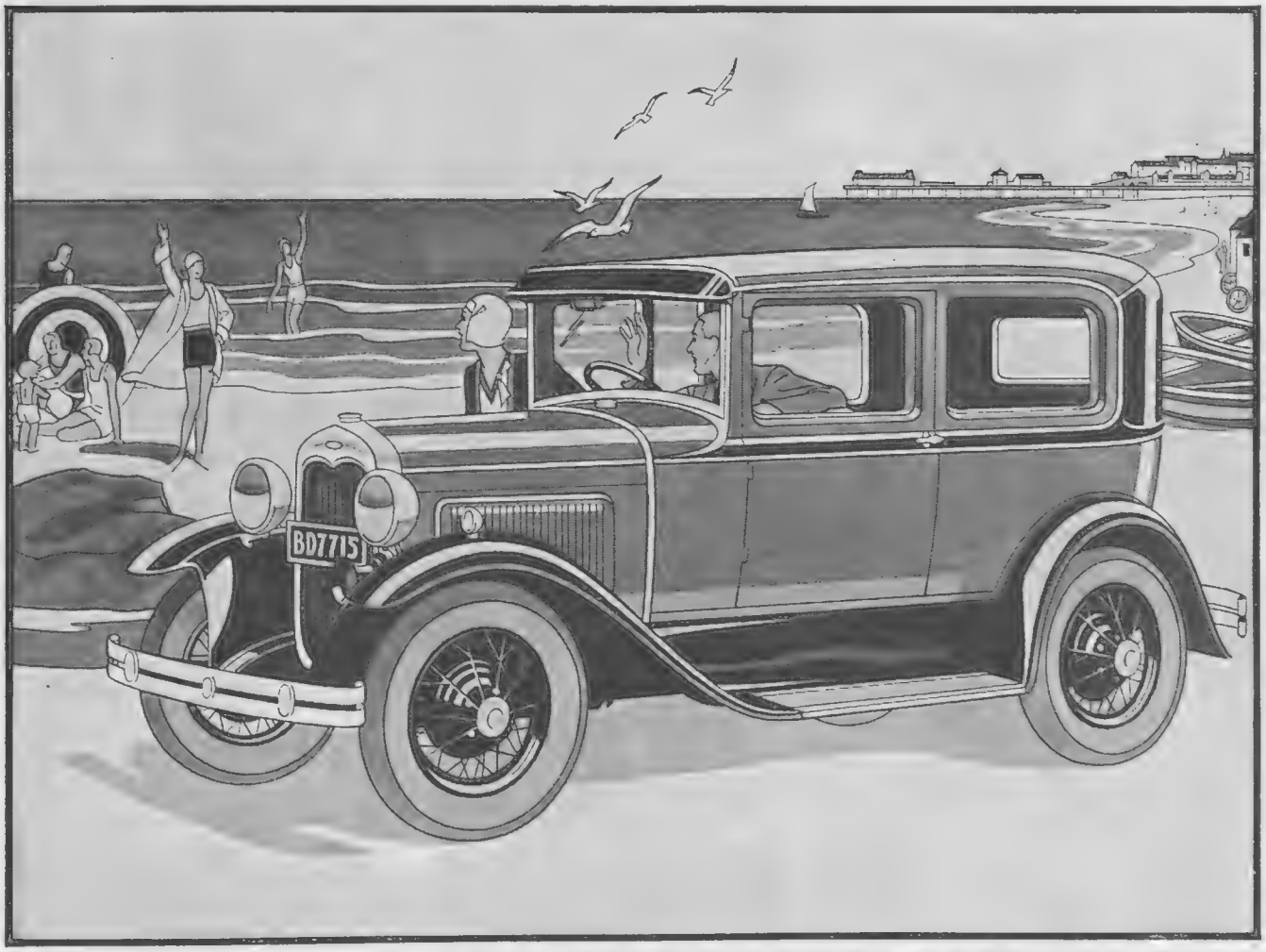

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THE EDITOR'S BOX

The Invisible Scar

The Ex-Services Welfare Society, the only organisation which is devoted entirely to helping mentally disabled and neurasthenic ex-Servicemen, of whom there are approximately 100,000 still in our midst, is doing sterling work in not merely giving charity to ex-Service men so afflicted, but in giving them courage and morale in their garden homes in Kent and in their industrial centre at Leatherhead. The men are taught useful trades and, far from being pauperised, they are paid reasonable wages for their work, which is put on the market in the usual way. Anyone who has had experience of the mental havoc wrought in so many by active service cannot fail to appreciate the great work and wonderful help for which this society is responsible; but with its heavy expenses, which include a fund to relieve domestic anxieties, a department to investigate claims for pensions and the provision of meals, beds and clothing, it is urgently in need of funds. Any reader who wishes to help this really great cause should send a donation to the Ex-Services Welfare Society, 51-53, Victoria Street, S.W.1, making cheques payable to the President, Sir Frederick Milner, Bart., P.C., G.C.V.O.

Old and New

The Newton Court Hotel, Burfield Road, Old Windsor, is a fine old mansion that has lost none of its attractiveness by being made into a modern hotel, with a banqueting hall capable of seating 300 guests. The beautiful grounds and the exterior and interior of the mansion are as attractive as ever. Yet at this delightful retreat, so close to Windsor Castle and the Thames, there is every outdoor amusement—tennis, croquet, putting greens, clock golf, riding. The famous Datchet Golf Course and Polo Grounds, Runnymede, are only 15 minutes away. The Newton Court Hotel is a first-class residential hotel fully licensed that offers something quite novel in its perfect blending of the atmosphere of the past with the conveniences of the present.

Mr. H. R. (Bobbie) Pearce, the World's and Australasian amateur champion sculler, ready for action in the Exide boat presented to him by Exide Batteries of Australia. Mr. Pearce will compete in this boat in the sculling races to be held in connection with the Empire Games at Hamilton, Canada, this month

The Latest Dance Step

Great interest has been aroused in Mayfair dance circles by the Seven-Step, the new dance with the new rhythm, which is neither waltz, blues nor tango. Miss Adele Collier, its inventor, who gave a demonstration with her partner at the Kit-Cat recently, is of the opinion that dance enthusiasts are wearying of the sameness in modern steps and tunes, and that nothing stimulates their interest more than a new rhythm which is easy to follow. The peculiar appeal of the Seven-Step, with its fascinating slow rhythm and simple yet graceful movements, is already assured of success and will be welcomed in the ballroom for the coming season. The rhythm was created by the late Mr. Bennett Scott.

To Help the Brave

To those who appreciate all that is best in prose, poetry, and picture, we can heartily recommend a most entertaining publication, *The Tribute*, which is now on sale at all bookstalls, newsagents, etc., at the reasonable price of 3*s.* 6*d.*, and if bound in cloth, 6*s.* 6*d.* This publication has as its primary object the wish to tender to His Majesty a respectful homage on the first anniversary of his restoration to normal health and, as its second, to provide a fund for the benefit of necessitous V.C.s. No more worthy objects could be imagined, and the host of famous artists and authors who have contributed to it make *The Tribute* a most attractive publication in itself.

THE GOURMET ~ ~ Conducted By Emilia

Luncheon

Melon.

Macaroni à l'Italienne
ou
Langouste en Kari à la Sultan.

Canard à l'Espagnol.
Pommes Nouvelles.

Macédoine de Fruits.

Œufs à la Provençale.

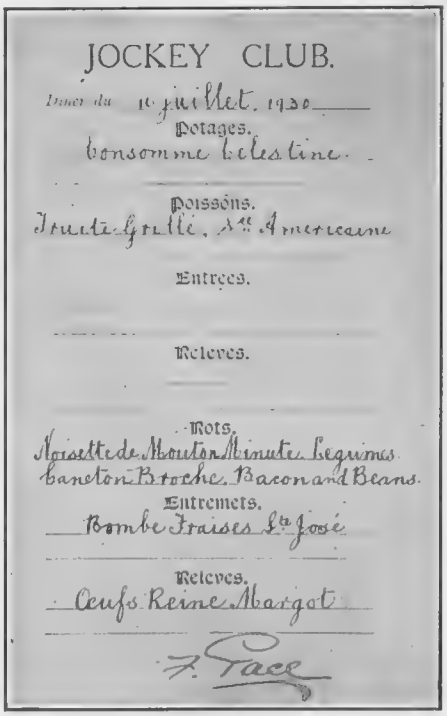
Café.

Macaroni à l'Italienne

Cook 2 oz. of macaroni in boiling salted water for twenty minutes, drain it well, and put back into the saucepan with 1 oz. of butter. Season well with salt and white pepper, and stir in 2 oz. of grated cheese; turn the macaroni lightly with a fork until the cheese is melted, then stir in sufficient tomato sauce to moisten it, and when this is well mixed and hot serve at once.

Langouste en Kari à la Sultan

Melt 2 oz. of butter in a stewpan, add an onion, finely chopped, and fry it a golden colour; add a small tablespoonful of curry-powder and the same of flour, and fry all well together. Add gradually three-quarters of a pint of white stock, or that quantity of milk.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F. Pace

The menu of a luncheon served in the Jockey Club rooms at Newmarket. It has been signed by Mr. F. Pace, the House Steward

When the sauce is smooth add a spoonful of chutney and another of cream. Add the flesh of a crayfish, previously removed from the shell and chopped, and stew it in the sauce for about half-an-hour. Serve in a border of well-boiled rice.

Canard à l'Espagnol

Partly roast a good-sized duck, untruss it, and cut into neat joints. Line a stewpan with slices of streaky bacon, then put in the duck and season. Add two gills of stock, half a pint of Espagnole sauce, and half a gill of white wine. Simmer slowly for thirty minutes, and take up the pieces of duck and strain the sauce. Have ready about a dozen small young carrots, which have been boiled, put them in a saucepan with half a gill of white wine, boil up, and add to the duck. Simmer a little longer, and skim well, dish up, and garnish with the carrots and a few fried croûtons.

Œufs à la Provençale

Boil four eggs hard, shell and cut them in halves lengthways. Remove the yolks, and pound them well with three boned anchovies, 2 oz. of watercress, some butter, a teaspoonful of anchovy sauce, and a pinch of cayenne. When well pounded rub through a sieve, and fill the whites with the mixture. Dish up on shredded lettuce, and pour a little mayonnaise sauce over.

Printed for the Proprietors, Illustrated Newspapers Limited, by The Cornwall Press Ltd., 1-6, Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1, and published weekly by Illustrated Newspapers Limited, at Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. August 13, 1930.
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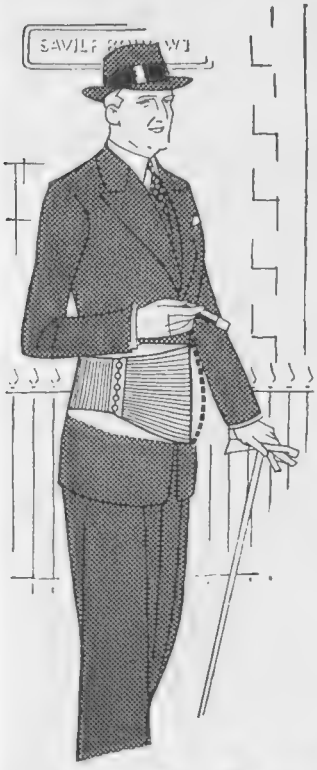

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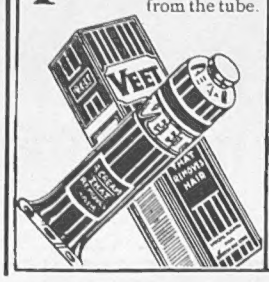

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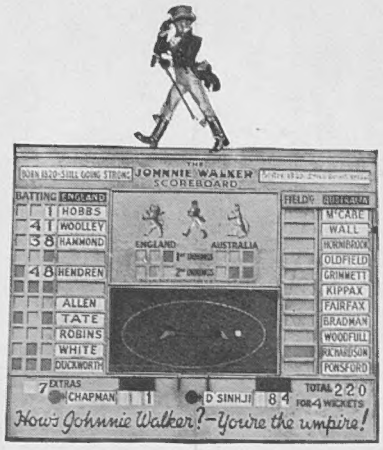

AUGUST ◆ 1930

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OF THE TEST MATCHES ON "BALL BY BALL"

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WITH EXCITEMENT AS RECORD AFTER RECORD

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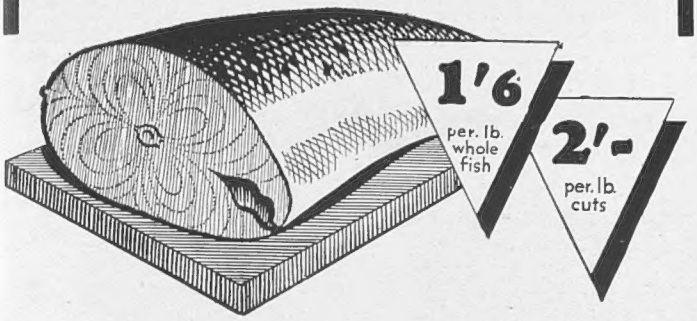

YOU WILL ENJOY

eating more fish when it's delicious "Old Colony" Salmon—the very king of fish. Fresh from Newfoundland, sealed in an airtight sheet of ice directly it is landed. Extraordinarily cheap too!

Be sure you get

Old Colony CHILLED *NOT* TINNED

(A substitute will not do) **Salmon**

ASK YOUR FISHMONGER TO-DAY

184

The Holiday Dish

Introduce the ideal holiday atmosphere—to the kitchen and to the menu—by serving Chivers' Jellies for dessert to-morrow. No cooking to do—no flavouring required—simply add hot water to the jelly cubes and serve when set

Chivers' Jellies

are cubed ready for use

SPORTING EVENTS

come and go, but the outstanding weekly one, coming ever fresh, every Friday, is the appearance of

THE ILLUSTRATED

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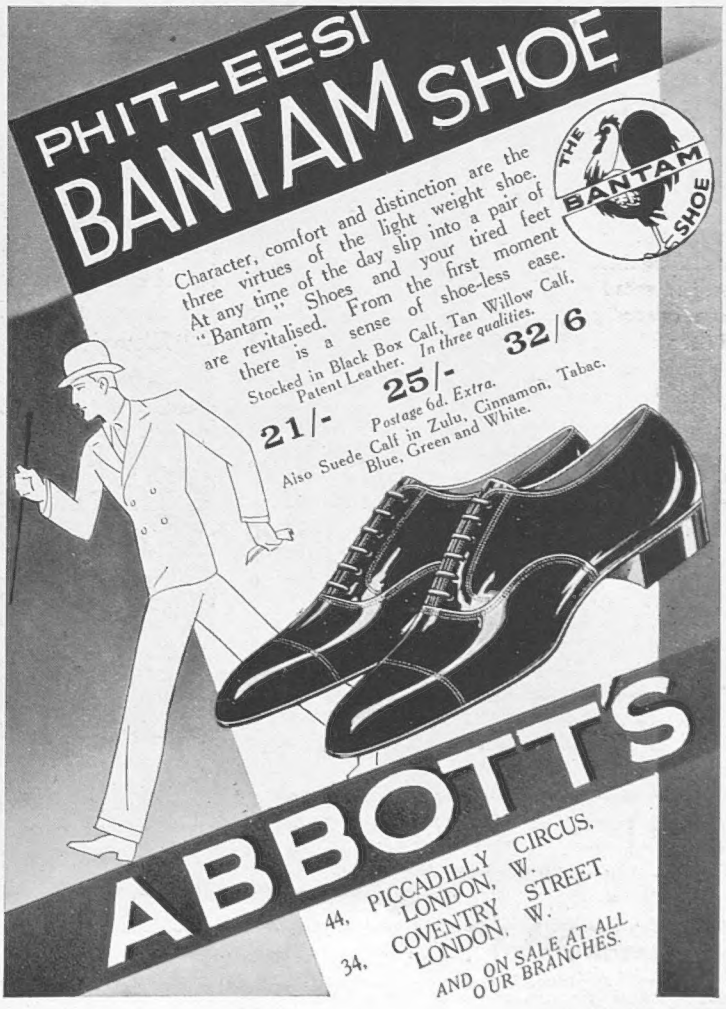
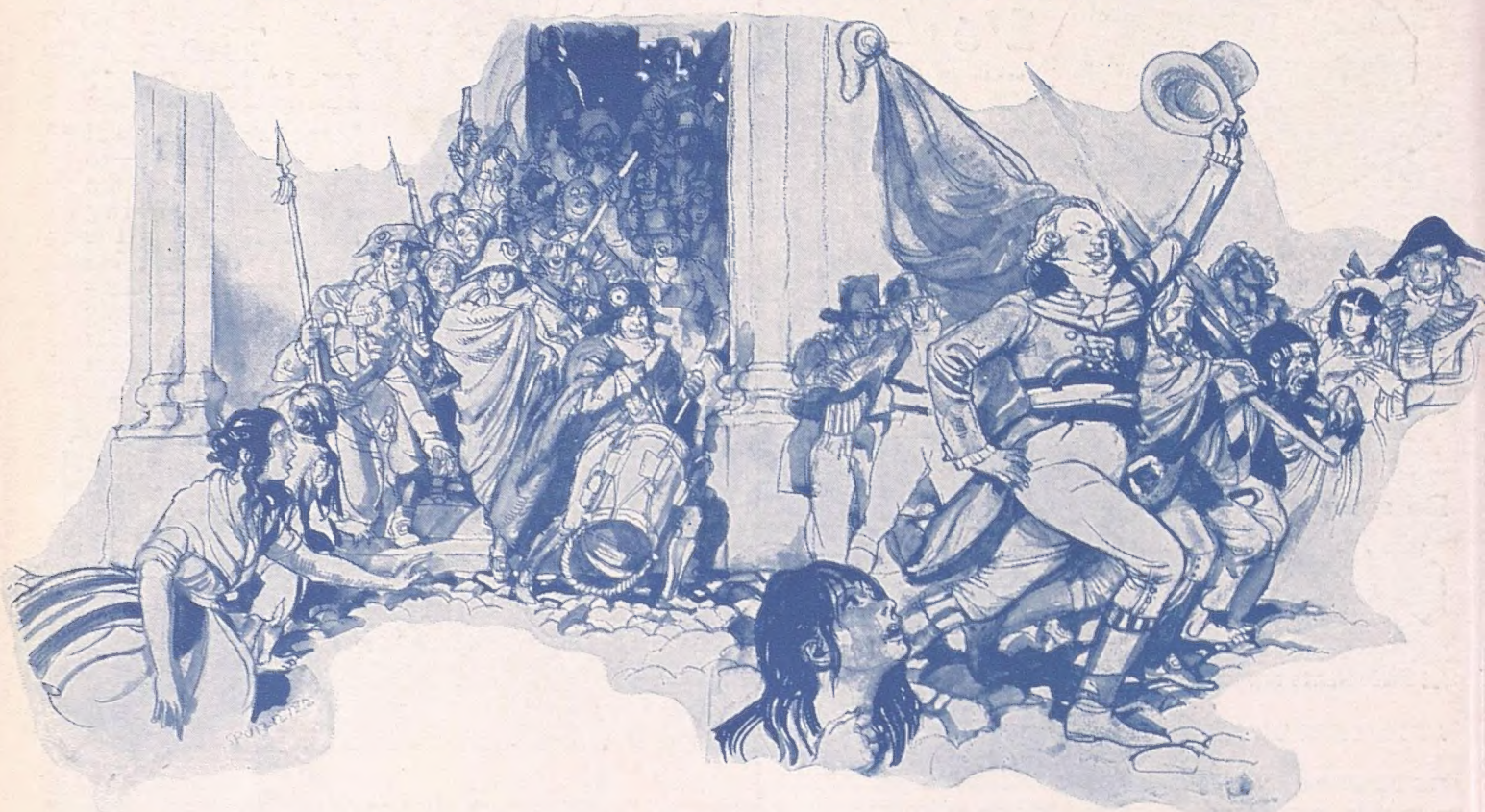
NEWS

ONE SHILLING WEEKLY



You can't have a Revolution without Bloodshed!



. . . . IT was the night of the 9th August, 1792. An immense tricoloured cockade in his hat, a huge sabre belted to his waist, his pockets bulging with pistols, he returned from the hurried visit to the headquarters of the Section where he had given his final orders. How those fanaticised patriots had vociferated around him! How hideously ferocious had been those drunken brigands of "Marseillais," with bare arms brandishing their weapons, who had been specially brought across France for the work that was to do! Those cowardly Girondists had sent for them, had been afraid of them when they arrived. But they were just the men he, Danton, needed. This business was no child's play. Failure, almost certainly, meant death. He was aware of it, with a secret sinking of apprehension, an extreme of suspense, as he ascended the stone stairs, entered that larger and better apartment on the first floor of No. 1 Cour de Commerce significant of his improving fortunes. How much had they paid him in those three fantastic years, the Court idiotically to drive the Revolution into excesses that would discredit it, England fishing in troubled waters, the Duc d'Orléans, to whom alone he had been approximately loyal? He did not have the faintest idea, had carelessly thrown that gold around in handfuls, retaining only enough to have paid off his debts, to have purchased a fine estate at Arcis-sur-Aube. To a reproach his reply had been grandiose: "Willingly do they pay 80,000 livres for a man like me — but they do not get a man like me for 80,000 livres." More fools they to pay him! . . . .

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